The Saturday Evening Post

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MY LANDSCAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AUNT ALICE.

You seem to wonder why I love to look
From this back window, in my city home,
With naught in sight, you say, but chimneys tall,
With here and there, perhaps, a spire, or dome.

But look! Do you not see a distant hill,
With green leaves quivering on bush and tree?
Now take my glass, and you will plainly see
A picture which has long enchanted me.

A low white cottage half way up the hill,
The windows glisten in the setting sun;
The zigzag fences running here and there,
A wagon road, a barn but partly done.

A pretty, peaceful country home, it seems;
I never have been nearer; it may be
'Tis "distance lends enchantment to the view."
Closer, it might not seem so fair to me.

The coloring is perfect, light and shade;
Art critics here might seek for flaws in vain.
And yet this lovely landscape can be seen
Enframed, as 'twere, in one small window pane.

'Tis as a painting hanging on my wall,
And I can look upon it when I will;
Can show it to my friends and call it mine,
That pretty homestead on the distant hill.

PURSUIT OF A BRIDE.

Some of the customs of the Turkomans of Central Asia are very curious. There is a singular marriage ceremonial, where the young maiden, dressed in bridal costume, mounts a fleet horse, taking on her lap a lamb or a goat, and setting off at full gallop, is followed by the bridegroom and other young men of the party, also on horseback; but she is always to strive to prevent her pursuers from getting near enough to snatch from her the burden on her lap. There is little doubt that she allows the right one to succeed, if any. This curious custom is observed by all the wandering tribes of Central Asia. The bride and bridegroom do not live together until a year after their marriage.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SUMMER.

It was the middle of June when Lucy Thorndike stepped out of the carriage in front of her own elegant mansion, where roses, honeysuckle, and blossoms of all kinds in the wildest profusion were showering their beauty and fragrance on every hand.

The month had been a gala time to her. She looked back with a touch of contemptuous pity at the Lucy Garth who had gone shabbily dressed through her coarse, common paths of life. How much the ignorant child had learned in those brief weeks! How much enjoyment had been crowded into every day! Some of the rare wonders of the world had been unfolded to her gaze, the beautiful and the sublime.

When Tennyson said, in his grave, inspiring fashion that must touch many a human soul—

"For I, myself, with these have grown,
To something greater than before,"

he uttered the profound experience of others as well. There had not been a moment, either sleeping or waking, but what Lucy Thorndike's soul had grown. You could see it in her face, and you could also see what would have pained a clear-eyed, thoughtful person, that the lofty and spiritual part of life would be on her side, the material upon her husband's.

He had grown stouter and handsomer, I was about to say, but it was mere physical ruddiness and health, with the added ease and enjoyment. He had a full, square lower jaw, which gave him an expression of extreme satisfaction, but told also that self predominated. He had given Lucy much pleasure this month, but he had not gone one step out of his way for any of it. That was never in the man, and human nature, I believe, has but few century blossoms.

There was, with all the loveliness in her face, and it seemed to have improved tenfold, a look of awe and wonder, as if she was groping about after something that was not quite clear to her own mind. A kind of newness, subtle and intangible, pervading the atmosphere she breathed.

Now and then some human soul at this period of inception comes in contact with the teacher or the influence that moulds it aright, and goes on to a maturity as perfect as any this side of heaven. But for the one so circumstanced, hundreds blindly grope along, betrayed by false guides, stabbed to the heart by treacherous friends, or left by the wayside bruised and maimed, and sore beset by foes. Is it any wonder that so many are lost, that so many souls go down to perdition when no ear listened to their cry save the God of whom they know so little?

Lucy Thorndike was full of questioning surprise. The world was so much wider and greater than she had imagined, and human souls were capable of so much more than she could have dreamed in her wildest. She looked back at the old narrow life in sickening disgust, and daily gave thanks that she had escaped it.

Of course her husband should have been her guide and instructor. You know how thoughtlessly she married him, and what she was herself the night she came down in her flood of golden hair and took him captive. I don't know who was answerable for her ignorance—it is one of those far-reaching, subtle questions that can never be answered on this side of eternity. Souls and bodies are continually going astray, you know, and we ask, was it this man's fault or his parents?

She took her husband for guide and instructor, for priest and king. There is a little of the old leaven of heathendom in most womens hearts, and they are prone to make unto themselves gods. She could hardly imagine any one more generous or tender; but he would have been a brute if he had failed in this during the first month, the honeymoon.

And yet some things had pained her. He had laughed over two or three pretty sharp business transactions, and when she had flared up with her girlish ideas of honesty, he had shown a touch of displeasure. He had not scrupled at an invention of the moment to serve some purpose, which seemed to her an absolute falsehood. So she had found a flaw in her hero. Perhaps the same things were in the old life—indeed, when she came to think of it, had *she* been quite fair and open?

Perhaps the humiliation did her good. It enabled her to take a more just view and to be merciful. And yet, the guide, the instructor was gone. The sweet blossoms were already shadowed.

She did what most women do, I suppose, adapted herself to the circumstances. There was so much left, you know. Brightness, beauty, wealth and love. She resolved to make her own soul pure and true, and keep it so, to make her home lovely and attractive, and her husband's life happy.

She paused a moment on the threshold and glanced around.

"How very beautiful it all is!" she exclaimed with childish eagerness and enthusiasm. "I wonder if the Cunninghams were not sorry to leave it?"

Mr. Thorndike laughed. It was a kind of answer that he had for a great many things, and expressed his mood very thoroughly.

She did not quite like the habit. In her pretty, coaxing way, she had dissuaded him from his usual expletive of "by Jove," and now she wished that the laugh was less coarse, or that he would not use it so frequently.

"But he is too good to be found fault with continually," she said to herself, with her own bright smile.

"Does it look just as it did last summer?" he asked presently.

"I don't remember—" a little puzzled at the question. "I used to steal down here once in a while to comfort myself in the garden. I thought it very lovely then."

"They've been working upon it the whole month, outside and in. It ought to be improved. I dare say the bills will be large enough!"

She wondered if he grudged any of the money? He had been very lavish on their journey, at least in some respects. No dainties were too costly for his taste or appetite, and he had bought her a set of diamonds, with many other luxurious articles. But one day he had refused to give even a few pennies to a woman with a sick baby.

"They're a set of impostors," he had said roughly. "Come away."

The poor, pitiful face haunted her for hours afterward.

"Father thought it was extravagant, you know," referring to the house. "I wonder how they are—father and Rachel? It seems as if I was some one else."

"But you like it?" ignoring the last part of her remark.

"Oh, so much! I wonder sometimes how all these delightful things came to happen to me. If you had not loved me, first of all—"

That was what he wanted—praise and admiration. When Rachel Garth had enumerated her sister's vanity among her other faults to this man, she did not realize that his was enormous in comparison.

Lucy had begun by being very demonstrative, but her fine tact and fast-growing delicacy had intervened. Even this brief contact with the world imparted an air of high breeding.

The changes were not very numerous. The Cunninghams had been glad to dispose of their furniture, with no better home than a boarding house in view. Lucy was pleased on several accounts. It relieved her from a world of perplexity, and since Mrs. Wilder had declared it in charming taste, she was satisfied.

That lady was staying in the house now to receive them. She swept down the broad stairs in her flowing robes and greeted her cousins warmly.

It must be confessed that she stared a little at Mrs. Thorndike's newly acquired style, that fitted her with the grace of a long-used garment.

"A pretty enough girl," she had said to her friends, while descanting upon the bride, "but without a particle of taste or style."

A radiantly beautiful woman, she was forced to admit now, with the air of a princess.

Tired as the poor princess was, she ran around to explore ever nook and cranny—the vases, the pictures, the brackets with their rare articles of *virtu*, hardly an atom of beauty escaped her eager eyes.

"Does it suit your ladyship?" inquired Mrs. Wilder with a pretty, but rather set smile.

"It is very beautiful, only there are not half enough flowers in-doors. Don't you love them?"

"Oh, yes. I'll send for some more. I have brought you a treasure for an upper servant, Warren, a girl that has lived with a friend of mine for several years. I know Mrs. Thorndike will like Maggie."

Maggie was graciously introduced to her new mistress, and the order for more flowers given.

Lucy bestowed upon her an odd, indrawn smile.

"And what about a cook, Warren?"

"I left these things to you, Kate. Lucy will not want to be troubled with such matters right away. Give us a fair start," and Warren Thorndike lounged back in his easy chair.

"I know of a magnificent cook, but she objects to doing anything else."

"In what way?"

"Housework, to be sure. If you want to keep up a great deal of stylish company, she would be just the one."

"With another servant to wait upon her?"

"Yes."

"We're not going to be quite as grand as that."

"Oh, Warren, two servants will surely be enough," exclaimed Lucy imploringly, frightened at her own grandeur.

"I think so."

"There's one here now that you may like pretty well, a native, I believe. The minister's wife sent her over."

"Mrs. Howe?" asked Lucy.

"No, Mrs. Glenfield."

Lucy Thorndike smiled dreamily again. Six weeks ago Mrs. Glenfield would have stared at her. How odd it all was!

"Mrs. Glenfield called one morning, and I have found her quite invaluable. You don't go there to church, Warren?"

"No, but I think I shall. Glenfield's a capital fellow! And, Kate, oughtn't we to have some kind of a fandango?"

"Reception," corrected Mrs. Wilder, with elegant ease.

"Yes. Can't you stay and see it through?"

"If you—if Mrs. Thorndike desires it."

"Oh, Lucy will be glad to have you set her straight in these matters," and he laughed.

Lucy sat like one in a dream. Was it her own house and her own future they were so coolly discussing?

She was glad to get away at last to the quiet of her own room. The soft carpet, with its bright clusters of flowers, the falling curtains, the elegantly carved furniture and wide mirrors were like a fairy tale. Hers, all of it. She, who used to be Lucy Garth in faded stuff dresses, and hair tucked out of sight! Its beauty clung around her shoulders now like a royal mantle.

She dressed herself for dinner in white—a soft Indian muslin with a trail sweeping over the carpet, and her husband's rubies lending their glitter of an autumn sunset. It was quite delightful to be waited upon in this fashion.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Glenfield called. "They were really within his boundary," the clergyman exclaimed, "and he should be glad to welcome them among his flock if Mrs. Thorndike desired to make any change."

"I think we shall. Howe's a good old soul, but prosy, and that tumble-down fabric is about as uncomfortable a place as I ever was in. I suppose it was all very well in my father's time, but these old fogies can't understand that the world changes."

"Exactly," returned Mr. Glenfield, with his most gracious smile. "This is a world of improvement and progress; and religion, to be of service, must keep pace. We don't want these old effete systems, but something broader and more attractive."

Lucy was listening to Mrs. Glenfield's pretty talk of flowers and the grand harmonies of nature, with liberal quotations from Ruskin, and pity for "those unfortunate but rather imprudent Cunninghams," and a great many kind wishes for herself. She was a very pleasing woman, this Mrs. Glenfield.

Now and then a sentence from the clergyman floated over to her. Already she had come to have a strange, sensitive feeling regarding her husband, but Mr. Glenfield was bland and courtous, and seemed to enter into the acquaintance with hearty good fellowship.

Lucy contrasted this with the religious influences of her past. That was narrow, rigid, and cold, repressing all the tender feelings, and too often degenerating into ill-natured gossip; but was this any more ennobling? Did it supply the needs of the longing, hungry soul?

Afterward Mr. Thorndike took his wife home to her father's. He had met Mr. Garth at the Mill in the morning. Rachel was alone, cold and precise as ever. She had firmly resolved to set her face against the rumored doings of her sister. The grand house should have no enticements for her. Indeed, it had not. She would have felt lost and miserable amid the fashionable people with whom her sister had cast in her lot.

Mrs. Wilder knew how to make that life very tempting to Lucy. To tell the truth, she half envied her cousin's wife, though she had never admired him very extravagantly. She could see that he was deeply infatuated, and would make a very indulgent husband if properly managed. Then she smiled rather contemptuously at the idea of this foolish Lucy managing any one.

"But she has so much in her hands," she thought, with a touch of envy. "And yet in five years' time he will make a perfect slave of her; I'll warrant. She loves him too much!"

The reception proved a grand affair. Mrs. Wilder was in her element here. The guests had been chosen with some discrimination. Mr. and Mrs. Thorndike had made their first appearance at the Shiloah Church on Sunday morning. The bride, in her elegant mauve silk, with gloves and parasol to match, was considered the perfection of taste, and she certainly did look very lovely.

So no one thought of declining an invitation. The Garths and the Thorndikes both belonged to the oldest families in Dedham—if that was any warrant for gentle blood.

Warren Thorndike felt immensely proud of his position and his success. He liked to be the great man anywhere. When he found these people ready to do him honor, he accepted the homage as so much due his worth. Where his father had made hundreds, he had made thousands.

And yet Lucy Thorndike had a vague consciousness that she stood almost alone in her new life. She would have no assistance in climbing any grand height. But was there not enough here to satisfy?

Her love for luxury developed rapidly—her tastes, that had hitherto been repressed in every direction, began to expand, and blossomed fairer than the world would have supposed. The past was like a distasteful dream to her, and she resolved to make the future, that seemed to lie so entirely in her own hands, brilliant and satisfying. She, too, had her ambitions, though she understood many of her own wants and defects.

Warren Thorndike was quite content to see her elegantly dressed and the centre of admiration. She possessed a wonderful degree of tact and adaptation, and copied the small ways of society with the utmost ease; and when she had once fairly plunged into the round of gayety, she found it very engrossing.

Ah, why must there always be some fatal knowledge lurking in the background to tempt human souls? Why could she not pause and be satisfied? Some far-reaching chord in her soul had been touched, and sometimes a word or a look, that she alone of all, caught in her dim way and pondered, roused her strangely and made her pulses unquiet for hours afterward.

Mr. Garth proved less obstinate than Rachel. Condemn though he might, he was secretly proud of his daughter's position, and the manner in which she graced it. He came to the grand house for a quiet supper now and then—for business was prospering with them, and that softened his feelings somewhat. Mr. Thorndike had infused new spirit and energy into the Mill, and though Mr. Garth had frowned at some improvements in the beginning, he found their working decidedly beneficial.

But Rachel sat rigid on her throne. Her brother-in-law's good-natured but rather clumsy overtures could not move her, and to Lucy's pleading she turned a deaf ear.

"Take your own way," she would exclaim. "It is not my place to advise Warren Thorndike's wife;" and a sniff of humility always followed such a remark. With that she would look at her sister's silks and laces with severely condemnatory eyes.

"But there are only two of us, and we might be friends," Lucy would plead.

"I did not know that we were enemies. I am sure that I did my best for you while you were under my care"—with a most exasperating resignation.

"If you would only let me do something for you now?"

"What do I need? I am content with my own life, I am most thankful to say."

And then Lucy would glance around on the cold, bare walls and dull carpet. Not a ray of brightness, not a flower—not even a warm and friendly smile. At such moments she would only be too glad that she had escaped it all, and fly back to her own charming home with a child's eager delight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BE true to your own highest conviction. Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march, as they are drilled, to the step of their fortunes.—*Channing.*

NOT VERY LIKELY.—People are constantly in the habit of talking about "Our *first* parents," as if it were possible for us to have a *second* set!

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

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SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

OUR LETTERS.

T. S. D., Jr., of Poughkeepsie, New York, in acknowledging the receipt of a Grover & Baker Premium Sewing-Machine, writes:—

"The Machine came all in order, and to say that my wife is pleased with it, only gives half expression to her delight. She only wonders that you can give so good an article for a *premium*. Enough to say that she thinks it a gem. The Magazine she is much pleased with, and finds it very useful as well as an intellectual treat. THE POST pleases me very much indeed—for in addition to the stories, I find much in its columns new and spicy. In conclusion, I will say I feel amply repaid for the trouble of getting up a club."

Mrs. H. C., of North Fork, Kentucky, writes:—

"THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND are to me perfect treasures. I could not do without them. I think I shall be a life-long subscriber."

G. C. L., of Naples, New York, writes:—

"The longer I read your valuable paper the more I like it. I consider it the best literary Weekly I ever saw. As for the Premium Engraving, it alone is worth the price of subscription. As I look at it hanging in my room, I would not take five dollars for it, if I could not get another."

J. V., of Stilco, Wisconsin, says:—

"On account of hard times, I had concluded to drop THE POST. But my family are bound to have it."

Foolish man—sensible family! Better drop tobacco, or wine, or whiskey, or a new coat, or a dinner or two, than drop your weekly paper. Where can you or your children get so much schooling, of so varied a character, at so ridiculously small a price. When we hear our subscribers talk about stopping their paper on account of hard times—and saving thus the enormous amount of five cents a week! we begin to feel like the Apostle, that "we have bestowed labor upon them in vain." Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should value the food of the body so much more than the food of the mind!

COOL.

We have received a request from the Managers of a Library at Lexington, Kentucky, to send them a copy of THE POST gratis—our reward being that they will have THE POST "carefully filed, neatly bound, and preserved in the Library."

Suppose the example of Lexington should be imitated by every town and village in the country, and we should supply them all with free copies. Soon we should have to go around with a hat ourself, soliciting charity to keep up the publication of our paper.

We have repeated applications of this kind, and we intend hereafter to refuse the whole of them. If THE POST is not worth the paltry price asked for it, it is not worth having. People who are so poor as not to be able to pay for a weekly paper, would not care about reading it; and those who are intelligent enough to understand and appreciate THE POST, can easily save the little money it costs, if they choose. Therefore we answer all such requests in the language of another, who was once asked by a sturdy beggar "if he had no bowels of compassion?"—"not a bowel!"

JUDAS.

The story of Judas Iscariot, son of Simon, who betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver—about twenty of our silver dollars—is one which cannot fail to awaken the deep interest of every thoughtful mind.

That a man worthy to be chosen from a large number of disciples as one of the twelve apostles of the new faith, and to be chosen among them as the one best fitted to hold the common purse, should betray his Master for so small a sum as twenty of our silver dollars, has seemed to some to be a story containing in itself an element of great improbability.

And added to this, in the opinions of such, is the doubt which arises from the subsequent conduct of Judas. One possessing so mean a nature as to do so shameful an action for so pitiful a price, would, they say, hardly be likely to be troubled by after qualms of conscience. But, according to the testimony of Matthew, Judas repented of what he had done, flung down in the temple the money he had received, and went and hanged himself.

Reflecting on these things certain writers have thought, and we believe the learned Archbishop Whately was among the number, that Judas fully believed in the Saviour as the long expected Messiah of the Jews, who was perfectly able by the miraculous power with which he was gifted, to establish an earthly kingdom, rearing again the glorious throne of David, and breaking to pieces the hated yoke of Rome.

It needed only, as Judas thought, according to these apologists, that affairs should be brought in some way to a crisis, in order to insure the exercise of the miraculous powers of his Lord and Master, and the speedy coming of the glorious day of the redemption of Israel. Therefore he betrayed Jesus—not to his death, but to his victory and his throne. And when the result was so contrary to his fervent expectations, and he saw himself the betrayer of innocent blood, what was more natural than that he should fling back the accursed coins, and go and hang himself!

Such is the argument of some subtle theorists as to Judas. And the subject is brought once more to our attention, by the republication from Blackwood's Magazine of a poem by Mr. W. W. Story, the sculptor and poet, called "*A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem.*"

This supposed "Roman Lawyer," being in Jerusalem shortly after the crucifixion of the Lord, is interested in this question of the betrayal of Jesus, and in the interpretation which Lysias, Chief of the Centurions, who knew Judas well, and had acted a prominent part in the arrest of Jesus, put upon the motives of the betrayer. Lysias says in the poem:—

"Daily he heard his master's voice proclaim,
'I am the Lord! the Father lives in me!
Who knoweth me knows the Eternal God!
He who believes in me shall never die!
No! he shall see me with my angels come
With power and glory here upon the earth
To judge the quick and dead! Among you here
Some shall not taste of death before I come
God's kingdom to establish on the earth!'

"What meant these words? They seethed in Judas' soul.
'Here is my God—Messias, King of kings,
Christus, the Lord—the Saviour of us all.
How long shall he be taunted and reviled,
And threatened by this crawling scum of men?
Oh, who shall urge the coming of that day
When he in majesty shall clothe himself
And stand before the astounded world its King?'
Long brooding over this inflamed his soul;
And, ever rash in schemes as wild in thought,
At last he said, 'No longer will I bear
This ignominy heaped upon my Lord.
No man hath power to harm the Almighty One.
Ay, let man's hand be lifted, then, at once,
Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword
The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud,
Shall he be manifest—the living God—
And prostrate all shall on the earth adore!'

"Such was his thought when at the passover
The Lord with his disciples met and supped;
And Christus saw the trouble in his mind,
And said, 'Behold, among you here is one
That shall betray me—he to whom I give
This sop;' and he the sop to Judas gave;
And added, 'That thou doest, quickly do;'
And Judas left him, hearing these last words—
'Now shall the Son of man be glorified.'

"Ah, yes! his master had divined his thought;
His master shall be glorified through him.

"Straight unto me and the high priests he came,
Filled with this hope, and said, 'Behold me here,
Judas, a follower of Christus!—Come!
I will point out my master whom you seek!'
And out at once they sent me with my band;
And as we went, I said, rebuking him,
'How, Judas, is it you who thus betray
The lord and master whom you love, to death?'
And, smiling, then he answered, 'Fear you not;
Do you your duty; take no heed of me.'—
'Is not this vile?' I said; 'I had not deemed
Such baseness in you.'—'Though it seem so now,'
Still smiling, he replied, 'wait till the end.'
Then turning round as to himself he said,
'Now comes the hour that I have prayed to see,—
The hour of joy to all who know the truth.'

"'Is this man mad?' I thought, and looked at him;
And, in the darkness creeping swiftly on,
His face was glowing, almost shone with light;
And rapt as if in visionary thought,
He walked beside me, gazing at the sky.

So much for this charitable theory of the motives of Judas. It has some strong points, but it does not remove all the difficulties of the case. It does not even pretend to explain the first great difficulty, the necessity of any betrayal at all. Jesus was in the constant habit, as we learn from the Scriptures, of going about the streets of Jerusalem and into the synagogues and the temple, and it would seem to us that few things could be easier than to find him and arrest him at any time.

Again. According to the account of the last supper as given by Matthew, one of the Apostles, Jesus said in the hearing of Judas: "One of you shall betray me. * * * Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born." Judas then says, "Master, is it I?" Jesus replies—"Thou hast said."

Now, if Judas was a good man, and had such implicit faith in his Master, would not these few words have been sufficient to convince him of the wickedness of that which he was planning?

Besides, there would seem to be a little doubt as to whether Judas really did repent. Luke says, in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:—

"Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and, falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out.

"And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; insomuch as that field is called in their proper tongue, Aceldama, that is to say, The field of Blood."

It would seem thus from Luke's account, that Judas took the money, purchased a field with it, and, falling headlong in the midst of the field, (providentially as one would infer, and not intentionally,) burst asunder so that his bowels gushed out. But if he really did not repent, all the curious fabric that has been reared to extenuate his guilt, falls at once to the ground.

It is curious in this connection to note what the Apostle John says of the betrayal. Matthew describes Judas coming up to Jesus with a "Hail, Master," and kissing him, and then at once the soldiers lay hands on him. John represents Jesus as *going forth* from the garden and meeting the soldiers. We italicise some of the apparent points of difference.

"Jesus therefore, *knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth*, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?

They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am he. And Judas also, which betrayed him, *stood with them.*

As soon as he had said unto them, I am he, *they went backward and fell to the ground.*

Then asked he them again, Whom seek ye? And they said Jesus of Nazareth.

Jesus answered, I have told you that I am he. If therefore ye seek me, let these go their way.

* * * * * *

Then the band, and the captain and officers of the Jews, took Jesus and bound him."

It must be remembered that John was in the garden with Jesus, and a personal witness of what is recorded. He also seems to have been the only one with the exception of Peter, that did not flee; and, being known to the high priest, he went in with Jesus into the palace.

As to the smallness of the sum which Judas received, it must not be forgotten that the precious metals were comparatively much more valuable in those days. Jesus mentions two sparrows being sold for a farthing, which farthing is supposed to have been about equivalent to one of our cents—or say perhaps a cent and a-half—the Scriptural or Roman penny being a silver coin worth about fifteen of our cents. Judas also might have been in the habit of taking money from the bag entrusted to him, and thus accumulated a certain sum already, which only needed thirty more pieces of silver to be sufficient to enable him to attain some desired end. And the records of the criminal courts prove that a man who will murder for a thousand dollars, will often murder for a hundred, or even for ten.

What is now shown as the Potter's Field outside Jerusalem, is, we have seen it stated, a very small field indeed—being only about ninety feet long by forty-five wide, or say one-tenth of an acre. If this was purchased either by Judas himself or by the chief priests for twenty dollars, it would show that land in that situation was valued at about two hundred dollars an acre, which would not seem an unreasonable price.

To conclude, we may ask, is it likely that if Judas had acted from the comparatively noble motives which his apologists ascribe to him, the other Apostles would not have had some knowledge, or at least suspicion of it? The very fact of his having always been a noble and upright man, would have made them cast about for the hidden reasons of so apparently shameful an action. But they evidently always had a rather mean opinion of Judas. He was a thief always—and that he should at the last turn out a traitor, seemed to them very natural. His reported repentance and suicide seem to have astonished them quite as much as his guilt.

Again, there is something so abhorrent in the very nature of treachery, especially of betraying with a kiss and with words of affection, that it is scarcely possible to connect the idea with a good and honest-hearted man. We fear the character Mr. Story has drawn of Judas, is not a natural one; that it is easier to believe that a bad man was let in among the Apostles by mistake, or for certain providential purposes—and this latter doubtless is the view of the larger number of Christians—than that a good man should play the part of a deceiver and traitor so perfectly as to mislead all his contemporaries, and leave an everlasting stigma upon his name.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

We have just received from Mrs. Wood the concluding portions of this deeply interesting story, and shall give them to our readers with as little delay as is compatible with preserving a due degree of variety in our columns.

"THE RIGHTS OF LABOR."

We are indebted to Senator Spencer, of Alabama, for his late speech in favor of paying the workmen in the employ of government a full day's wages for eight hours' work. While Senator Spencer's remarks do honor to his kindly feelings, the reading of his speech has not convinced us that the government ought to deviate from the general practice of employers either in employing mechanics or clerks.

If Senator Spencer, being engaged in business, should pay one-fourth more to his hands than anybody else, we should think it very commendable in him. But the Federal Government is acting as an agent, and spending the money of a heavily taxed people. The government is also enormously in debt—and we like to see people pay off their honest debts, before they begin to be generous.

Sydney Smith said that Philanthropy was the desire of A to help B at the expense of C. There is any amount of this kind of Philanthropy in the world. We even improve on it sometimes in this country. A wants to help B at the expense of C, in order that A himself may get a commission in the shape of money, popularity, or votes.

As to eight hours being sufficient for a day's work—manual or intellectual—we agree most heartily with Senator Spencer that it is. In fact, few minds can stand even six hours of severe mental labor day after day. And if a man will go down into the torrid zone, he probably can live after a fashion on two or three hours' labor. But in these Northern States, the earth produces so grudgingly, and the seasons are so cold and inclement, that the great majority of us have to work a good deal longer than we want to in order to live with reasonable comfort. Reducing the day's work from ten to eight hours, is practically rather more than raising wages one-fourth—for wherever machinery is used, it must also stand still the unemployed two hours daily. It were better for the employer to raise the wages one-fourth, and work the full ten hours, on this account.

But if you raise wages one-fourth, you increase the cost of making and raising all articles, houses, fuel, clothing, and food. And already the cost of making and raising is so great that nearly all the large interests of the country are languishing. And if you increase cost, you increase prices in proportion.

Whatever therefore the Future may bring forth, the present moment does not seem the time to reduce the hours of labor. Rather it is a time to put the shoulder to the wheel, and work harder than ever. We have not paid the cost of the war yet by a good deal. No nation can dance to such a tune as that for four long years, and pay the piper with a few shillings. Eight hours for a day's labor—let us be thankful if we can get off for the next four or five years with ten!

IS THIS CHRISTIANITY?

We find the following almost official statement in the daily papers:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23d, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—At last the sickening details of Col. Baker's attack on the village of the Piegans, in Montana, on the 23d of January last, have been received. *Of the 173 killed only 15 were what might be called fighting men*—that is, between the ages of *twelve* and thirty-seven years. *Ten were from thirty-seven to sixty years, and eight additional were over sixty—in all, thirty-three. There were ninety women killed, fifty-five, or over one-half of whom were over forty years of age, and the remaining thirty-five were between twelve and forty years. Lastly, there were fifty children under twelve years of age killed, many of whom were in their parents' arms.* The whole village had been suffering for over two months past with small-pox, some half-dozen dying daily. The above facts were received to-day, from Lieut. W. B. Pease, United States Army, the agent of the Blackfeet, and are endorsed by General Sully, United States Army. With regard, faithfully yours,

VINCENT COLLYER, Secretary.

To FELIX R. BRUNOT, Chairman, Pittsburg.

There is a pretty day's work for a professedly Christian nation!

An Indian village, afflicted with small-pox, is attacked by a detachment of the United States army—our army, our military agents—and thirty-three men, including boys above twelve, victoriously slaughtered. In addition there were slain—

Ninety women!

And fifty children under 12 years of age, many of whom were infants in their mother's arms!

This was done, it is said, by Col. Baker. There was another Colonel once, of whom the Indian Chief Logan said:—"Colonel Cressap, last year, in cold blood, murdered all the friends and relations of Logan, not even excepting his women and children! Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Was this done, as is alleged, by Sheridan's orders? Oh, Sheridan, are the laurels you so nobly won at Cedar Creek, to be bound up with the deadly nightshade which grows where women and children are pitilessly slaughtered?

SHOCKING.

The "*London Fun*" has the following—it is awful to think of the straits to which the comic papers sometimes are reduced:—

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—President Grant, we are informed, "sticks up for the admission of Virginia." Don't let this deceive the supporters of Woman's Rights:—it isn't a gal, but a state. But the more the President sticks up for *Virginia*, the more his opponents find him *pall* upon them.

Do you not take?—"pall" means "Paul;" "Paul and Virginia," you see. It is worthy of Lord Dundreary.

"REFORM AND ART."

We regret that we were unable to attend Bayard Taylor's lecture on the above subject—more especially as, after reading two reports of the lecture in the daily papers, we judge it to have been an admirable one, conceived in that large and liberal and tolerant spirit of which we find so little in the generality of the speeches and lectures of the present day.

The report in the "*Press*" gives the conclusion of Mr. Taylor's lecture as follows:—

Most persons make this mistake—they settle their ideas on matters of reform, and then reason from these ideas inward. We should first acquire a sound knowledge of human nature, and then reason outward from that in getting our ideas of reform. We are full of superficial half-truths, which are easily understood; but the great eternal whole truths, which really govern our lives, are not to be had without earnest study. The genuine reformers are not men who teach only one form of virtue, as certain associations do. They are men who have developed their strength freely and harmoniously, whose lives breathe a warm and purifying atmosphere around them. Every true man is a reformer. You may ask what is my idea of a true man? It is a man who feels that he is a mere drop in the ocean of humanity; who tries to do the best he can in his circle of life; who speaks as he thinks, and acts as he believes; who judges men not by their names and professions, but by their lives; and who walks in life according to the light which God gives him. This is a plane which every man may reach. But there is a rarer form than this; a man of more than average brain and heart, who is not only entitled to teach by his life, but by his words; such a man has strength in every part of his body. He is a man who has self-control and resolution, which come from a strong brain, and has generosity, tolerance, and boundless tenderness, which come from a strong heart.

PLAGIARISTS.

We wonder if there ever was a country in the world so abounding with plagiarists as these United States. We recently republished Blanco White's fine sonnet "NIGHT," and here we have a letter from a gentleman in Williamsburg, Ohio, saying that his deceased brother wrote that sonnet, and published it in "*The Clermont County Sun*," of the 24th of December, 1863.

This gentleman says the sonnet, as written by his brother, opens thus:—

Mysterious orb! mysterious Night! when
our first parent knew—

not seeing that this addition of two iambics to the correct line is of itself sufficient to prove it a plagiarism in the eyes of any person of competent judgment.

Joseph Blanco White, the author of the sonnet in question, was a man of unusual ability, a contributor to the English Quarterly Reviews, and published besides several books. He was born in Spain in 1775, educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, became dissatisfied with the priest's vocation, went to England, joined the Established Church, and finally embraced Unitarianism, dying in 1841. The sonnet on Night was pronounced by Coleridge "one of the finest in the language." There is not the least doubt, we suppose, as to its authorship—certainly not the least doubt that it was published in England more than twenty years before it was published, as above stated, in Ohio.

THE BRAVE OLD STOCK.

Sorrowful news that of the sinking of the United States steamer Oneida by the British Mail steamer Bombay in the harbor of Yokohama, Japan. Only 56 saved out of 176 on board. And yet how it flushes the cheeks with noble pride to hear that Commander Williams and his officers resolved at once to stay by their vessel to the last. There was no confusion—the life-boat (the only boat not crushed by the collision) was manned, carrying no other officers than the master, Yates, Dr. Suddards, and the Captain's clerk. Since the loss of the Birkenhead, we have not heard of a nobler band. How can we despair of a country that can breed such sons? The brave old blood of the sea-kings still runs in our veins. The calm courage of our grand Celtic-Saxon race, which has looked death proudly in the face so many thousands of times since our wandering sires left the great plains of Central Asia, still when the occasion comes gleams out of our eyes. We may make mistakes in our political theories and policies, but while that indomitable spirit runs in the blood of the race, who can despair of the Republic!

THE STAR COURSE.

Professor Morton's lecture on the Solar Eclipse last week came in very appropriately as one of the Star course—for though the sun is not a very large star, it is large enough for all useful purposes. We would not have its size doubled or quadrupled for the world—especially in July—great as the honor of being an appendage to the larger and more distinguished members of the stellar system undoubtedly must be.

Professor Morton illustrated an eclipse of the sun, proving that he understands the matter sufficiently well to get up, if need be, a small eclipse of his own—that is, if the old maxim were true in this case, that "knowledge is power."

In illustrating the intense light and heat of the sun, the professor arranged a powerful oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, in which he burned a sword from point to hilt—amid a perfect corruscation of fiery gems. So may the sword of battle utterly be consumed in the increasing light and heat of science and civilization!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH. With other new Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party, and other Ballads," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada. The London Athenæum says: "Mr. Leland may be said to have created a new kind of humorous poetry, and he seems by no means to have exhausted the vein he was the first to open. The great success of a first book has been fatal to many authors, but these poems will certainly not disappoint the admirers of those that have been before published."

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston. This is the best journal of its kind that we know of; moderate and sensible in its views, and containing in every number valuable articles relative to the health of both body and mind.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Published and sold by Elias Howe, Boston, Mass. The music of this periodical, both vocal and instrumental, is of a much higher class than the average of musical publications.

MORMONISM: ITS RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION. Embracing the Narrative of Mrs. MARY ETTIE V. SMITH of her residence and experience of fifteen years among the Mormons; containing a full and authentic account of their social condition—their religious doctrines, and political government. By N. W. GREEN. Published by Belknap & Bliss, Hartford; and also for sale by Bliss & Co., Newark, N. J. Miss B. Schenck, Gen. Agent, 724 Chestnut Street, Philada.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE; OR, THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," "The Banished Son," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. This volume contains some of the most charming of Mrs. Hentz's stories.

THE VETERAN OF THE GRAND ARMY. By the BROTHERS COBB. In Eight Parts. Published by Cyrus and Darius Cobb, Boston.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. January, 1870. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL. For March. Published by Alfred Sewell & Co., Chicago, Illinois.

THE TECHNOLOGIST. An illustrated journal of Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building. February, 1870. Issued by the Industrial Publication Company, 176 Broadway, New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY. Published by The Leonard Scott Company, New York.

Rochefort and Revolution.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

No; History does not repeat itself. For Camille Desmoulins she gives us Rochefort; for *L'Ami du Peuple*, the *Marseillaise*; for the Attack on the Tuileries, the Barricade of Belleville.

If History repeated itself, why was the Revolution of 1830 so different from that of 1789? that of 1848 so different from that of 1830?

Does not all this show that even France, ready as she is to "descend into the street," is gradually learning the folly of flying to anarchy as the escape from misrule, and declines to help the triumph of a Rochefort, even though it may be the downfall of a Louis Napoleon? In '89 the Revolution cost the lives of a Royal Family, the best blood of the nation, and a European War, and needed a Napoleon the Great to end it. In 1830, the Revolution cost three days' street-fighting, and was closed by a Louis Philippe. In 1848, the Revolution was set up by a *coup de main*, and put down by the Nephew of the Uncle.

It looks like it.

Rochefort has been sentenced, and Order continues to reign in Paris.

Rochefort has been arrested, and Louis Napoleon still sits at the Tuileries.

Armed Insurrection can find no better head than half-witted Flourens to flourish his sword-cane, and fire off his revolver at nobody in particular. No stronger hands but those of the few score gamins who threw up sham-barricades for the police to take, and scampered before the sticks and small-swords of the Municipal Guards.

It has not even needed the *presence* of soldiers to put down this feeble fit of revolutionary effervescence.

France definitely declines to borrow Rochefort's *Lanterne* to look for her honest man by.

She accepts Ollivier, and his coadjutors, and the substitution of Parliamentary for Personal rule, as more beneficial means of restoring her to the self-government she has been content for a time to abdicate, and for which she can not better show her fitness than by her contempt for such *meneurs* as Rochefort, and such organs as his *Marseillaise*.

☞ An exchange relates that Andrew Smith, of Genoa, Cayuga county, N. Y., found that a blind horse owned by him had fallen into a dry but deep well, a few days ago, and, after various unsuccessful attempts to extricate the unfortunate beast, concluded to give it up and bury him alive. Two or three men commenced throwing in dirt, but as it fell around his legs "Charley" commenced treading it down. The faster they shovelled, the livelier he trod; and when they had filled the well, he stood upon the surface, unburied, and in good order considering his fall.

☞ Gold closed on the 4th, at 113¼. Government securities declined ¼ a ⅜ per cent.

☞ Full Files of this Paper can be found in New York, at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row.

☞ A Chinese tune describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

☞ At a sale of autographs the other day in Paris, a very curious document signed by Richard Cœur de Lion was sold for 1,450 francs. It was a letter in verse written at St. Jean d'Arc by a monk, under the dictation of, and signed by, the lion-hearted king. It contained only twelve lines, and there was some doubt about its originality, but the expert declared it genuine.

☞ THREE HANDS.—An observer of human nature reports that he has seen some people possessing the peculiarity of three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and a little behindhand.

A Trade in Riddles.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schlampi was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude. For he thought to himself—"Something may be earned even upon the water. There is many a man has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thurengen and St. Velt, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried:

"Come, Jew! Do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep!" And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve-kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus, for example, the first asked: "How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach?"

All said it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid the twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said—"One; for he who has eaten one egg, cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought—"Wait, Jew, I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece. Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said—"Because he was not in Corinth—otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve-kreutzer piece.

When the third saw the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great length as possible, and completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meantime they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamlach." Then the fourth asked, "In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?"

The Jew said—"In February, for it has only twenty-eight days."

The fifth said,—"There are two natural brothers, and still one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said—"The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and a sixth asked, "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

The Jew said—"The smallest."

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Basle to Berne in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said—"When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said—"He must make fists out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked, "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said—"The last man must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness, "How can a man fry two trouts in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve-kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes. "I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

The rest cried, "What has that to do with it? Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew."

At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do to him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve-kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said—"I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from St. Veit to Schlampi, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had nine twelve-kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the captain.

☞ A Waterbury (Conn.) youth, repentant, but incoherent over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and profanity unless prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

☞ Railroad official (with severity)—"A mistake, you say? You should have counted your change at the time. I can't rectify mistakes afterwards." Passenger (with urbanity)—"Don't mention it, my dear boy. You gave me too much, that's all; but we won't say another word."

☞ It is asserted that men who have accumulated wealth have large, rather leaky ears, lying straight up and down, and inclined to grow hairy with advanced age. Such ears have Vanderbilt, Claflin, Stewart, Drew, Peabody and Corcoran.

☞ The Pennsylvania Cemetery contains seven graves side by side, in which repose the lifeless remains of a man and his six wives. When his first wife died the third was three years old and the fifth an infant of twelve months; while the last wife was not born until the year following the death of the first.

☞ A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself," exclaimed one of the damsels. "Not at all," replied the innocent; "I have three or four more in my pocket!"

☞ An ex-army officer in Indiana tells a story of an acquaintance, who, having removed from his native town when a young man, went back there for his wife. She lived but a short time, and he journeyed back for another, who also soon "went to be an angel." Again he returned to his native village, and this time he brought back two charming creatures; one he married, and the other he kept on hand as a supply in case the Reaper should make him a widower for the third time.

☞ The other day a priest sought audience of the Pope and talked to him a long time about the great evils incident to the use of tobacco, closing by begging him to order all ecclesiastics to set an example of abstinence to their flocks. Pius heard him out, and then pointed to his snuff-box with the simple remark:—"But I use it myself."

☞ The St. Lawrence carries, it is said, more water to the Atlantic than the Mississippi.

☞ Strawberries grown in the open air, are selling in Mobile for $2 per quart.

☞ LIGHT.—The reason why bodies have different colors, some being black, some red, &c., is this: The rays of light are divided into seven primitive colors, namely, violet, orange, red, blue, green, yellow, and indigo. When light strikes on a body, if this body be of a nature to reflect the whole of the rays without decomposing them, it will appear white; for white is an assemblage of all the colors. If it reflect the red ray, and absorb all the others, it will be red; if it absorb all the rays except green, it will appear green; if it absorb all the rays without exception, it will be black, for black arises from an absence of light.

☞ The United States Courts hold that it requires 2,240 pounds to make a ton.

☞ When a cat sings, does she do it on *pur puss?*

☞ *Elder of Twins*—"It's *very* vulgar to say 'You be *Blowed!*' to each other, like those Men do. Isn't it, Uncle Fred?"

Uncle Fred—"I believe it *is* generally considered so, my dear!"

Elder of Twins—"Yes indeed! Ethel and I, you know, *we* always say 'You be *Blown!*'"

☞ A TRADE THAT NEVER FAILS.—No miller need ever be out of employment, for he can always grind his teeth.

☞ A week or two ago a party consisting of nine children of missionaries enjoyed a sleigh ride together in Andover. They claimed as their birth-places, Africa, India, Persia, and Turkey.

☞ QUITE RIGHT.—An evening contemporary relates that one of the journals which rule the world of dress concluded a recent description of attire with this remark: "With this costume the mouth is worn slightly open." By all means! A drooping lower jaw would be quite in keeping with the idiocy of some costumes. If we had to describe the Grecian Bend, we should say, "With this fashion the forehead is worn narrow and receding."

☞ It appeared on a comparison of notes at a meeting of the association of classical and high school teachers in Boston, that thirteen different styles of pronouncing Greek are used in Harvard College.

☞ Governor Alcorn offers travelling expenses, houses, provisions, and agricultural implements, to all who will emigrate to Mississippi, his advances to be reimbursed out of the first year's crops.

☞ A dog jumped through a plate-glass window in Geneva, and the owner of the dog offered to settle by giving the storekeeper the animal.

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yes, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcame Sallowness, rough skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Somnian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow thick, soft, and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

What Makes your Hair so Beautiful?

"London	Gray	Hair Color	stops	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	Hair	Hair Color	Hair	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	Restored	Hair Color	from	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	*to its*	Hair Color	fall-	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color	ing.	Restorer."
"London	*natural*	Hair Color	cures	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color	Dan	Restorer."
"London	*color.*	Hair Color	druff.	Restorer."

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Something New.

Two million copies of the annual *SHAKSPEARIAN ALMANAC* for 1870 will be given away, and in order that the distributing may be made as rapidly as possible, I should deem it a favor to send, prepaid, ten or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its features are the Seven Ages of Man's Life, illustrated in a masterly manner.

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Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits

BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 18, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred. was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. P. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they affected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FRANCE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. LIGON, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.

Grenada, Yalobusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CHERRY POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,

M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S KNOB, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article, and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $2; two, $5; twelve, $12. feb19-12t

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

The Season and its Dangers.

The human body is chiefly composed of tissues and fibres as sensitive to every change in the condition of the atmosphere as the most delicate electrometer, or the quicksilver in a barometer tube.

The stomach, the skin, the nerves, the lungs, and the excretory organs are especially liable to be affected by these variations, and the best defence against their disastrous tendency is to keep the digestive machinery, which feeds and nourishes the whole system, in good working order.

If the stomach is weak or disordered neither the blood nor the bile can be in a healthy state, and upon the fitness of these two important fluids for the offices assigned to them by nature, and the regularity of their flow, health in a great measure depends.

When the air is heavily laden with chilling vapors, as it often is at this season of the year, the digestion should be an object of peculiar care. If it is weak and languid, the whole physical structure will be enervated. If it is vigorous, the entire organization will be strong to resist the untoward and depressing influence of a damp and vitiated atmosphere.

A pure and powerful tonic is therefore especially needed as a safeguard against the diseases most common in the spring, and HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS being the most wholesome and potent medicine of the class at present known, a course of it is particularly advisable at this period of the year. The stomach will thereby be toned and strengthened, the liver and bowels regulated, the nervous system braced up, and nature put in a state of active defence against the miasma which superinduces intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatisms, nervous debility, headache, hypochondria and other complaints which are apt to assail the untoned and unfortified organizations. The body is strengthened without exciting the brain, and consequently no unpleasant reaction follows its reviving and renovating operation. mar5-4t

What Every Horseman Wants!

A good, cheap, and reliable liniment. Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment.* Five bottles at one dollar. For lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted better than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will. What it is stated to cure it positively does.

No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle. One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and belly-ache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse Embrocation of the day.

Use it one and all. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. mar5-4t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEACH & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. William T. Eva, PHILIP A. ALLEN to Miss ELLEN DEER.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN BINLEY to Miss MARY E. DENNIS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. GEORGE W. MATZ, Jr., to Miss CAROLINE V. STEPHENSON, both of this city.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. FRANK WILLIAMS to DELIE HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 10th of Feb., by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, JACOB M. HOMMES to Miss ADDIE M. WHITE, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. Alex. Reed, Mr. ANDREW J. YOUNG, of this city, to Miss LOUISA A. ADAMS, of Chester county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Feb., Capt. JOHN F. HERITAGE, in his 54th year.

On the 28th of Feb., ROBERT CHAMLTON, aged 58 years.

On the 27th of Feb., PETER MASON, in his 60th year.

On the 27th of Feb., Mrs. SARAH CLEAVER, in her 59th year.

On the 26th of Feb., JAMES PIDGEON, in his 76th year.

On the 26th of Feb., EMMA F., wife of George T. Hansell, in her 24th year.

On the 26th of Feb., Mrs. EMELINE BURCHALL, in her 66th year.

On the 25th of Feb., JOSEPH BAUDON, in his 87th year.

On the 24th of Feb., Mrs. WILHELMINA R. BEISEL, aged 64 years.

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Startling Statistics.

Some statistician has been figuring on the cost of an "occasional drink," and the result is positively astonishing. In answer to the question:—"How are so many drinking houses sustained?" he shows that 20 men at 30 cents a day will pay one of the tippling shops $2,190 a year. A man who pay 30 cents a day for "drinks," pays $109.50 a year. This is the interest on $1,564 at 7 per cent. at simple interest. This sum, 30 cents a day, amounts in ten years to $1,171.95. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a man's brains" and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to morals, nor dignity to character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and leaves him in want and misery, the mere wreck and semblance of a man.

The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or one thousand and fifty-six pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now for $7 a barrel; four times seven makes 28; and thirty cents a day for drinks is $109.50, or $81.50 more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A, "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks $73 a year; only $45 more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family, if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them.

Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor, spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea, and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard, that men complain of the government, and charge that it oppresses them with onerous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves, and how they tax the property too.

Green Dresses.

Green ball dresses are always much in fashion for the fair-complexioned ladies whom they suit. But the bright green which looks so charming carries death with it, and the dressmakers who make up the dresses, and the ladies who wear them, suffer from the effects of the arsenite of copper which gives the much-admired dye. We extract a note sent to a contemporary, which contains a warning as to these poisonous ball dresses.

You are read in so many households where ball dresses are required that I am sure you will do good service in calling attention to the green batiste, of which and its arsenical dye I sent you a note the other day. I wrote to the firm who supplied the sample I examined, and in reply they say, "We are aware that the green batiste contains arsenic in the dye, and some time since we gave instructions to our assistants to mention it to all customers purchasing it, and believe it is now generally known by ladies, and we feel ourselves compelled to keep it to supply our customers to prevent them going elsewhere." It is certainly not generally known by ladies that this green is arsenite of copper, and I am sure that a hint from you would save many a dressmaker from the evils to which she is now subjected by thoughtless or ignorant customers.

☞ It is a dreadful depth of poverty when a man cannot pay his attentions to the ladies.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

The sun shone on her house by day,
By night the moonbeams fair;
And, as of old in Israel,
'Twas never darkness there.
And all the people marvelled much
To see the wondrous sight;
"She sure must be a Saint," they said,
"Who has unfading light."

"Nay, nay," spake one, "no Saint is she,
For she is always gay;
Her laugh is clear, and bright the smile
That on her lips doth play;
And light and gamesome is her step,
For unto her seems life
More like a child's long game of play,
Than a Christian's weary strife.

"None ever saw her smite her breast,
Or ever weep for sin;
She gathers of the joys of earth:
No Saint is she, I ween.
The Saints love hardness, vigil, fast,
And discipline and prayer;
And what their Master bore for them,
For His dear sake to bear."

Yet still the golden sun by day,
And the pure fair moon by night,
Though darkness might be all around—
With her made always light.
And still the people marvelled all,
The wonder grew apace—
What God saw in that lady's soul
To call for such a grace.

The holy Bishop came to her,
And solemnly he spake;
"My daughter, tell me of your fasts,
And of the food you take."
The lady smiled, as to herself,
And answered, low and sweet,
Of divers meats and delicate,
My Lord, I always eat."

"Then plainly answer me, my child,
And tell me if you wear
Beneath that soft and glistening silk,
A painful robe of hair;—
If thus you take into your life
The sufferings borne for you;
If thus the Cross of Calvary
You always keep in view."

"My Father," clear she spake again,
"No robe of hair is mine;
The linen that I ever use
Is white, and soft, and fine."
The holy man, perplexed sore,
Turned back upon his way:
And still the moon shone on by night,
And God's bright sun by day.

And as he journeying left the place
For some three days behind,
Anon, the while he prayed, there came
A thought into his mind.
And speeding back, once more he reached
That lady's house full soon,
A pure white house, enSilvered o'er
By rays of winter moon.

"My daughter"—and his voice was low
And hushed as if in prayer—
"Lov'st thou not greatly Christ our Lord?"
And straight there fell on her
A dazzling radiance as from Heaven,
And such a smile of love,
As Angels nearest to the Throne
May wear, we think, above.

"He is my Lord, my Love, my All,
The sweetness of my life;
He is my Strength in weakness—He
Strives with me in the strife.
I am in Him and He in me,
My only Hope and Stay;
In Him I take my rest by night,
In Him I work by day.

"My heart is fain to break with joy
When on His Love I think;
'Neath that sweet burden, save for Him,
My soul must faint and sink."
She paused: and then he laid his hand
Upon her gold-crowned head,
And blessed her with a blessing high
Ere on his way he sped. S. B.

Gold and Silver Mines.

The richest and most valuable mines have in almost all instances been discovered by accident; often by ignorant persons, who knew not the value of their own discovery, and by children. To an Indian hunter is owed the knowledge of the chief American mines, and to a shepherd the silver mines of Peru. This latter leading his flock to feed on the slopes of the Andes, lighted a fire to cook his meal, when a pebble heated by the flame attracted his attention by shining like silver. He found the stone massive and weighty, and finally carried it to the mint at Lima, where it was tested, and proved to be good ore. As the Spanish laws, with a view to encourage mine-discovery, make it the property of the finder, this lucky shepherd became a millionaire.

The Sacramento gold-fields were discovered by a Mormon laborer, who worked in a saw-mill. Again in North Carolina, in 1799, a child picked up a yellow stone, of which his father, a rude settler, thought nothing, but because it weighed fifteen pounds, used it as a door-fastener for his cabin, for he was so poor that the door had no latch. He showed this stone to one of his few visitors, and he opined it to be a metal of some sort, after which verdict the owner used to exhibit it as a curious rock specimen. Three years afterwards, on going to the market of Lafayette, he took the thing to a goldsmith, and asked fifteen shillings for it, which was very willingly paid. It was in reality a nugget worth £875. Thus it took four years to find out that the yellow stones in the streams of California were gold.

It is fair to state, however, that science has occasionally predicted where the precious metals have afterwards been found. Sir Roderick Murchison, for instance, after a visit to the auriferous tracts of the Ural Mountains, was struck by their great similarity to some rock specimens from East Australia; and in his address to the Geographical Society in 1844, prophesied that gold would be found in the latter region. Led by his observations, one Smith, engaged in the iron-works at Berrima, searched for gold, and found it. He came to the governor of the colony with a nugget in his hand. "See what I have found," said he; "give me five hundred pounds, and I will show you the place;" which the governor declined to do. Again, Macgregor, a Scotch shepherd, used to sell grains and nuggets of gold to the goldsmiths of Sydney, but would never reveal whence he got them.

It is not usual, however, for discoverers of the precious metals to be prudent; they consider themselves "lucky" in this particular line, and will leave or sell a good "find," in hopes of finding a better. This is what the Spaniards call "the miners' frenzy." Thus, the richest vein of silver in Chili was discovered by Godoy, a hunter in the Andes. Fatigued by the chase, he seated himself, on one occasion, under the shelter of a great rock, and was struck by the color and brightness of a projecting part. He chipped the stone with a knife, and finding he could cut it (to use his own expression) like cheese, he took a specimen of it to Copiapo. It was found to be chloride of silver. He agreed to share the profits of his discovery with a rich man, who engaged to work the mine; they came at once to masses of silver; but Godoy sold his interest in the matter for two thousand eight hundred pounds, and started to find more mines; and having wandered about the Andes for some years, died, having met with no more "luck," and without a penny.

Two brothers, named Bolados, discovered near Copinpo, in a crevice opened by some earthquake, an enormous block of silver ore, the cutting, transport, and fusion of which was so easy, that these ignorant men effected it without assistance; and in less than two years, realized one hundred and forty thousand pounds. They squandered, however, this enormous sum in gambling and dissipation; and when their mine became suddenly exhausted, they had not even the wretched pittance left on which they had begun.

The history of the discoverers of the famous Allison-Ranch in Nevada is a more satisfactory one. Some poor Irishmen, workers in a neighboring mine, were so fortunate as to hit upon it. They were so unlettered as not to be able to write their names, but they were excellent fellows. They first built a chapel, to thank God for his favors; then they erected handsome villas, and placed their workmen in exceptional positions; and they went by turns every week to San Francisco to spend their ingots of gold. They retain their simplicity, though with an income as large as that of many princes in Europe, but refuse to furnish any statement of their receipts.

The success of Gould and Curry in their Nevada silver mine is even more astounding: they were so poor that they were at first obliged to barter two-thirds of their claim to a grocer for the necessaries of life, notwithstanding which they have realized enormous sums for their own portion. Including the product of 1857, the Gould and Curry Company have got fourteen millions of dollars out of their mine.

The history of the Monte Catini Mine in Tuscany is very curious. M. Porte, its original owner, was half ruined by it, and sold it in 1837. Immediately afterwards, a block of massive ore was found that paid all expenses, and left four thousand pounds net profit. Then for fifteen years the mine produced forty thousand pounds a year, and still continues to yield largely. M. Porte, who had witnessed this heart-rending spectacle of the immediate success of others where he had labored in vain for years, soon died of grief. His marble bust adorns the entrance of the principal gallery of Monte Catini, but his heirs are poor.

M. Simonin, who is, we suspect, a man of genius as well as of science, has left no stone unturned in the elucidation of his subject. He has even had a personal experience of the Spanish diviners, those who, by a hazel wand, tell you what precious metals lie beneath your feet; but the experiment was not satisfactory.

In the mines of the French Alps, a very curious proceeding is adopted, which was invented by a lady, Madame Rey. She would explore the mountain, holding a piece of string, to which was attached a five-franc piece, a piece of lead, or a large copper coin, and pretended that this pendulum vibrated on approaching the vicinity of a lode. She marked with stones the places where this happened, and then connected the point with an imaginary line, saying:—"That is the direction of the lode." M. Simonin does not attach much importance to this method—which, indeed, contradicts the law of physics, which asserts that bodies of the same nature mutually repel each other—but he allows that Madame Rey has really discovered hitherto unknown mines.—*Simonin's Mines and Miners.*

Three Poets.

Cambridge is the home of three of the foremost of American poets—Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes. The venerable house which was the birthplace of the latter, stands in a picturesque and shady corner, opposite the college-yard, looking out upon the Common and the churches and graveyard. His father, a former minister of the town, was also distinguished as the author of the "American Annals," a standard work of early American history. His house was the Revolutionary headquarters of General Ward.

Prof. Lowell (for all of the triad of poets are, or have been, professors in the university) lives in a fine old house, situated about half-way between the village and Mount Auburn, in the midst of a large enclosure, well shaded in by venerable trees, which the poet tenderly cherishes, for here, under their shadow, he was born—and here, what is rare in this country, he still in middle life has remained to this day.

The fine old mansion, once the headquarters of Washington, is an object of interest to all visitors, naturally attracting attention from its size and elegance of design, and its spacious grounds, apart from the patriotic associations that have for years made it almost a sacred spot in the eyes of all. This interesting house has been preserved unchanged since the days when the great Father of his Country dwelt within its walls, and, with anxious heart, walked in the old box-lined paths of its spacious gardens. Still overshadowed by some of the old elms that sheltered him, it stand, not a ruin, like his own Mount Vernon, but at this day one of the most elegant mansions, in all its appointments, that is anywhere to be found.

And well may it be so preserved; for, during many years, it has been the property and the home of Longfellow, who, in the judgment of the world, stands among the foremost of the poets of our time. As his residence it has gained a new fame, and another claim to veneration in the hearts of Americans. Long may it be his home, in his reverent hands secure from alteration or ruin, while preserved by his pious care!

☞ The Hartford Courant tantalizes its readers with this atrocity: "Have you heard of the man who got shot?" "Got shot? No, how did he get shot?" "He bought 'em." [After this, we are ready to believe anything of Connecticut.]

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
And furrowed is thy brow;
Thy sparkling eyes, that seemed to speak,
Are dull and heavy now;
The locks on thy beloved head,
That once were like to golden thread,
Are white as winter snow;
Yet is my love for thee not dead,
My love of long ago.

I, too, am old, but at thy voice
I burn with youthful fire;
Its music makes my heart rejoice
And throb with fierce desire;
Its tones seem echoes of the time
When we were both in life's glad prime—
Sweet sounds, though faint and low,
Like some far-distant wedding chime—
My love of long ago.

A Visit to Tennyson.

I went to the door of Faringford with a letter from Robert Browning, and was received with cordiality. After dinner he took me up to his study, where he sat smoking and talking in the frankest manner. Among other things, he told me of the people who waylaid him, the incidents being sometimes very amusing. Two men, for example, having got into his garden separately, one climbed a tree at the approach of the other. The other seeing him, called out softly, "I twig!" and immediately climbed an other tree. And yet he declared that no man was more accessible than he to anyone who had any good reason for wishing to see him, or had any introduction to him. So I, for one, certainly found it, the hospitalities of Farlingford having been offered to me beyond my willingness to accept them. It had been a stormy evening, and the night was of pitchy darkness when I started out, against kind invitations to remain, to go to the "Albion" inn, near by. Tennyson insisted on showing me a nearer way, but amidst the darkness got off his bearings. Bidding me walk close behind him, we went forward through the mud, when suddenly I found myself precipitated some eight or ten feet downward. Sitting in the mud, I called on the poet to pause; but it was too late; he was speedily seated beside me. This was seeing the Laureate of England in a new light, or, rather, hearing him under a new darkness. Covered with mud, groping about in the darkness, he improved the odd occasion with such an incessant run of witticisms and anecdotes that I had to conclude that we had reached a condition which had discovered treasures of fun and humor in him before unsuspected. His deep bass voice came through the congenial darkness like a mirthful thunder, not without flashes of light; and the shades of all who ever stumbled in the night seemed around him, and to remind him of a whole literature of such emergencies. Vexation was at least not among the shadows that encompassed us, though for a time we were wandering in a muddy field, with no object, not even the sky, visible. "That this should have happened after dinner!" he exclaimed. "Do not mention this to the temperance folk." Tennyson's love of fun, his wealth of witty stories, were from the first a surprise to me. But, indeed, he is personally very different in every way from the man I expected to see. Tall, of dark complexion, with deep and blunt voice and manner, almost Quaker-like in its plainness, fond of the homeliest Saxon words, he seemed to be the last person one would have picked out as the delicate and superartistic idyllist. In conversation he never rose into anything like the heroic strain, except when speaking of England. His pride in his country amounts to a passion. He had also a keen interest in all scientific subjects, concerning which he has evidently read a great deal. He spoke much of the philosophical questions of the day also, his interest in which has led to the foundation of the meetings for discussion between Huxley, Tyndall, Dr. Manning, James Martineau, himself, and others. Next morning it was found that Mrs. Tennyson had directed the gardener to make some improvements at that point which had not been completed. A walk was in existence there, however, at the close of the next day, to which was given a name commemorative of the catastrophe, which was happily without any unpleasant results.

The next morning was brilliant, and the poet took me on a walk around the manor, of which he is lord, the advantages of the position being that he can have his sheep graze on the common, which otherwise belong as much to the public as to himself. The house is modest and cheerful, surrounded by beautiful trees, with, on one side, a thicket of wild bushes and pines, very favorable to the pursuers already mentioned. The window of his study opens on a magnificent sea view. The quiet home where Tennyson dwells, surrouned by a charming household, is well portrayed in his invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:—

"Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

"For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter stand;
And further on the hoary channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

The poet has sometimes received as well as sent out poetical invitations. Here is one from Walter Savage Landor:—

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison;
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within,
And, as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?"

When I have seen the Laureate in London, he has always seemed, in dress, manner, and expression, to be out of place, as a wild wood-bird might be alighting for a moment in Hyde Park, but dreaming of the forest whose glooms its wings were meant to light up. He is the natural companion of the clouds, the downs, and the breaking waves, with the far-off vistas from which they bear him well-understood messages. And as I parted from him on the cliff, to wend my way to London again, I turned to look upon him as he was gazing out upon the sea, and the cliff seemed his appropriate pedestal. He stands in my memory as the Prospero of an enchanted isle.

Deep Sea Life.

Dr. Carpenter has returned in safety from the third trip in deep sea dredgings. His results quite bear out the conclusions drawn from the two previous ones. Some new facts, however, of extreme interest have been discovered, the publication of which we may expect shortly. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of these investigations, in their bearings on the most important general problems of biology, physical geography and geology. They teach us that the bottom of the deep ocean is the home of many creatures, who live there in the absence of light, under great pressure, in water often excessively cold—just above freezing point—abounding in carbonic acid and in organic matter. Of these influences, the one which makes itself most felt, is that of cold. It is this, and not the pressure, not the want of bright sunlight that stunts the creatures, and makes them reproduce at the bottom of equatorial seas the fauna of arctic surface regions. Nor is the life at these depths confined to low-born Foraminifera, or to that wonderful proto-plasmic Bathybius, which Professor Huxley told the British Association at Exeter, he had now found in soundings from many quarters of the globe, and which, therefore, seem to be a *vast thin sheet of living matter, enveloping the whole earth beneath the seas.* Where, as in certain regions, the deep waters are warm, highly organized beings of bright colors and well-appointed eyes, are brought up by the dredge. These researches press upon us the question—is it possible for living matter to be born and nourished in the absence of light, in the presence of carbonic acid, and in the absence of any heat higher than the temperature of about 32 deg. Fahrenheit, in the absence, that is, of almost any force which can be transmuted into vital force? At these great depths there is no vegetation properly so called, and Prof. Wyville Thomson, who is associated with Dr. Carpenter in these researches, is of opinion that here the lowest living beings feed on the lifeless organic matter which exists in so large a quantity in the water. We seem here to be near the transition from complex lifeless protoid matter and living protoplasm. The exact condition and nature of this organic matter is of expreme importance, and we understand a distinguished chemist is about to make it the subject of an inquiry. There is another point of no less interest. These organisms, which are thus building up chalk strata (for this deep Atlantic ooze is nothing but incipient chalk) at the bottom of the ocean are, to a very large extent, identical with many of the remains found in the chalk formations. This is so much the case that we may speak of races of animals building the old hills of millions of years ago, and laying now the foundation of the chalk hills of times to come, themselves remaining unchanged all the time between.—*Academy.*

How Some People Marry.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are, nine to ten, that he has neither. He has been "taken in and done for!" Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted, and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows of a dozen faces he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house.

A family of children grows up about him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes year after year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour known throughout the whole household.

Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets accepted by it, takes it to the parson, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says he, too, is married and has got a home. It is false. He is not married; he has no home. And he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to get out of his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, and bid the "fortune," and he who husbands it, good-morning. As if he had known a good-morning since he and that gilded fortune were declared to be one.

Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. My dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and so we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then the discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

☞ Customer (to clerk in a hardware store)—"Show me a small, low-priced shears." Clerk (facetiously)—"Perhaps you mean a pair of shears." Customer (severely)—"I mean precisely what I said." Clerk (defiantly, opening a specimen article)—"Are there not two blades here? and don't two make a pair?" Customer (triumphantly)—"You have two legs; does that make you a pair of men?" The shears were done up in profound silence.

☞ LINGUISTIC.—It is a mistake to suppose that Ireland has any national language,—like Wales, for example; it is merely a *patois* that some of the inhabitants speak.

☞ A really good play never "drags"—it "draws."

THE MEETING IN THE LANE.

BY MARY JANE SAWYER.

We were to meet at sunset down the lane,
To tread once more that pathway in the shade
Of the old trees—old chestnut trees—that there
Meeting o'erhead a rustling archway made;
Lovely the scene, the hour no less, as sank
Sound into silence, into shadow, light;
Meek Nature seemed to hold her breath in awe,
Shrinking affrighted from approaching night.

As paled the last red cloud in heaven, *she* came—
Her light step quickening as she onward drew;
The face she met me with was sadly gay,
And my lip trembled, for her thoughts I knew;
The morrow was to be our wedding day,
And this fair Summer's night brought to its close
The long sweet story of our love; the thought
Was joy, yet sadness, dashed it as it rose.

'Twas sad to feel our pleasant meetings o'er,
Though came no more the grief that bade us part;
It had become the habit of our love—
Ah, me! the love of that fond, gentle heart!
No storm of fate could shake it where it grew,
Or strew the lovely blossoms that it bore;
She loved as women rarely love but *once*,
A love that asks return, and asks no more.

We met in silence, and a moment's space
Each stood with downcast eyes; the time had been
Our joy had flooded forth in words, but now
It seemed beyond all language—calm—serene—
It was an earnest of what life would be—
The placid feeling that inspired each breast—
I took her hand—I drew her to my side—
"Dear love!"—her raised eyes, tearful, spoke the rest.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE POSTERN-DOOR.

The wild wind was whistling and booming round the station at Chilling as the train came rushing along in the dusk of a fine evening, when autumn was merging itself into winter. Time, working its changes and changes, had extended still farther the branch of the Aberton railway; and Chilling itself had a station now. It was not much more than a bleak little shed and a telegraph-box; but Chilling was proud of it, and at least three trains a day stopped there.

It brought freight this time. Out of one first-class compartment stepped Thomas Kage, out of another Mrs. Dunn—Lydia Canterbury in the days gone by; neither of whom had known that the other was in the train. It sometimes happens so. Both of them had come down unexpectedly—that is, unknown to their friends in Chilling. A solitary fly was waiting outside. Mrs. Dunn made for it in haste, lest anybody else should appropriate it first, and was calling out to the porter to bring her luggage, when Thomas Kage went up to her.

"Goodness me!" cried she in her off-hand manner, "what brings you here?"

"I have come down on a little business," he answered. "I did not know you were in the train."

"I'm sure *I* did not know you were. I wish I had known it. Would you like a seat in the fly? I am going to surprise them at Thornhedge Villa; they don't know of my coming."

"No, thank you. I shall see you soon."

The fly, laden with its luggage, was rattled off. Mrs. Dunn ordered it to stop at Chilling Rectory; it lay in the line of route to Thornhedge Villa; and indeed, in her usual free-and-easy independence, she had not quite made up her mind which dwelling to honor with a first visit. Thomas Kage thought she must have come to surprise some of them with a tolerably long sojourn, as he looked after the pile of boxes on the fly's roof.

Turning away, he found himself greeted by a respectable, portly man, wearing the black clothes and white necktie of an upper servant. Mr. Kage knew the face, but could not remember where he had seen it.

"Neel, sir; butler at the Rock."

"To be sure," said Mr. Kage. "I remember Mrs. Dawkes told me you remained at the Rock."

"Yes, sir. They wanted a responsible person to take charge at the Rock during their long absence from it, what with the valuable paintings and furniture, so I have stayed; and the Major took on a London butler up there, who robbed them frightfully, we hear."

"Is Mrs. Dawkes staying at the Rock now?"

"She is, sir. She has never been away from it since she came down when the poor little heir died in the summer. I think she is very ill, sir."

"I will see her to-morrow," said Mr. Kage.

He walked away with Neel's last words ringing in his ears, carrying his small travelling-bag in his hand—for he had the same propensity to wait on himself as of yore, when practicable. He had not seen Mrs. Dawkes since the day of the child's funeral, for she had quitted London immediately. Twice he had written to her at the Rock, friendly notes of inquiry as to her health and welfare; but Mrs. Dawkes had not answered either. When he met the Major in town, as would happen sometimes by chance, he was told Mrs. Dawkes was pretty well, and enjoying the country.

During the long vacation a matter of pressing business connected with Lord Hartledon had taken Mr. Kage first to Switzerland and then to Scotland. He returned to London in October, was up to his eyes in business for a fortnight, and had now travelled down to Chilling for a specific purpose—to ask Millicent Canterbury to be his wife.

Turning into the modest inn, the Canterbury Arms, he washed some of the dust off him, changed his coat, bespoke a bed, and then went forth again; for he wished to put the question at rest without delay. Taking the nearest way to Thornhedge Villa—the Miss Canterburys' residence since their father's ill-omened second marriage—he was entering the garden-gate, when a young lady, running up with fleet footsteps from the opposite direction, nearly ran against him.

"Millicent!"

She gave a little scream of surprise, and started in the dusk from the extended hand. But it was truly and veritably Thomas Kage—his voice, his hand, himself—and Miss Millicent timidly begged his pardon, and blushed like a school-girl.

"It has so surprised me. There's scarcely any one in the world I should have less thought of seeing than you. I have been to the schools," Millicent added rapidly, as if wishing to cover some agitation that she was very conscious her manner betrayed. "My sister Jane is not strong, and I take the trouble of the schools from her."

"I think there is another surprise in store for you. What should you say if I told you your sister is here?"

"Mrs. Rufort?" asked Millicent, looking towards the windows of the house.

"Mrs. Dunn."

"Impossible!"

"Quite possible, and quite true," said Thomas Kage.

"But she is in Germany. We are beginning to think she intends to take up her abode there for good."

"*I* think she must be intending to take it up here for good. I judge by the trunks that have come with her."

Millicent laughed. He explained about the meeting as they walked along. In point of fact, Mrs. Dunn, obeying one of her many sudden whims, had taken it into her head to quit Germany, and come down to see her relatives. The writing to inform them she had looked upon as quite superfluous.

Millicent's pulses were beating. Hers had in truth been a lasting love, enduring through many years and no encouragement. No encouragement, at least, that she could take hold of, though now and again stray tones and looks, in their rare meetings, might have whispered hope to her heart.

"You have not seen Mrs. Dawkes lately?" observed Millicent.

"Not since her child died. What a blow that was!"

"A worse one for her than we can even imagine, I fear," said Millicent. "She looks fearfully ill, but we very rarely meet. You have come down, I suppose, to see her?"

"Not so. I came down, Millicent, to see you."

A hot blush in her face, a startled look, visible even in the dim twilight. Mr. Kage touched her arm, and drew her down a side-path they were passing.

"Let us walk here for a few minutes, Millicent."

Seated by her dressing-room fire, with little prevision of the surprises in store for her, was Olive Canterbury. The door opened softly, and Millicent came in.

"Olive, will you go into the drawing-room?" she said. "Some one is there."

"Who is it, Leta?" asked Miss Canterbury, wondering what could have sent the young lady's face into its scarlet glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by train. He wants to see you."

Down sat Millicent as she spoke; *she* was not wanted in the drawing-room. Olive Canterbury took notice of the signs—of the faltering tones and the downcast eyes—drew her conclusions, and passed out of the room with a stately step. As to Mrs. Dunn, she had gone out of Leta's mind wholesale.

"Your visit is unexpected, but I am very glad to see you," said Olive, shaking Mr. Kage's hand heartily, for he was a great favorite of hers.

"My visit is to Millicent," he answered, plunging at once into the matter that had brought him down.

"I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that briefs did not come in so quickly as I wished. They have taken a turn for the better of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away and said nothing," he answered with a smile; "nothing very decisive, at any rate. So I called out that I had better see you."

"A good sign," laughed Miss Canterbury. "I fancy you and Leta have understood each other for some time," she added. "I know I used to think so when we were in London."

"Tacitly, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tacitly. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Miss Canterbury's face.

"*Only* ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterburys, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a Golconda to a struggling barrister."

"*Reared* to their hundreds of thousands; yes!" retorted Miss Canterbury, with a swelling heart, "but not enjoying them."

Sitting down, he went briefly over his position with her; showing her what his present income was; saying how greatly the bequest of the two houses from Mrs. Garston had helped him on. He should scarcely think himself justified yet in removing to the larger of the two, according to the wish expressed by his kind old friend, he said; but Millicent should decide the point for herself. Both of them evidently took her consent to the marriage for granted. Miss Canterbury asked him to stay and partake of dinner, without ceremony.

But ere that meal could be announced, even now as they were talking together, up dashed Mrs. Dunn's fly, with part of the luggage, taking the house by storm. The other part had been left at the Rectory, for she meant to divide her time between them, she told Olive. Olive was delighted to see her; it seemed an age since they met.

Not a greater contrast than of yore did the three sisters present, sitting down to dinner together. Olive, lofty in mind, lofty in manner, tall, handsome, always self-possessed; Lydia Dunn, stout, restless, an inveterate talker; Millicent, much younger than either, quiet and graceful. But Millicent would never see twenty-seven again. Time passes swiftly; year follows year, each with a more rapid wing than its precursor. Miss Canterbury took as usual the head of her table, requesting Thomas Kage to face her.

"Now then, Mr. Kage, I am going to cross-question you," impatiently began Mrs. Dunn, the instant the servants had left them alone after dinner. "Who gave the poison to that child, little Tom Canterbury?"

"That is a problem I cannot solve," was his reply.

"You were on the spot at the time."

"I was in London."

"And I abroad," pursued Mrs. Dunn in a tone of much resentment. "It was a dreadful occurrence; and all the information I could gain of it was by letters or hearsay. Do you tell me the particulars. I had a great mind to come over and ascertain them for myself; but it would have answered no end. Begin at the beginning, please. Had he been ill?"

"He had been dangerously ill with inflammation of the chest, but was getting better; in fact, was nearly well," said Mr. Kage, obeying her implicitly, and recalling the facts. "Mrs. Dawkes was about to take him to the Rock for change of air. That same morning, the one they ought to have started, he was found dead in his bed."

"And had died from a dose of opium. But now, who gave it him?"

"The facts were shrouded in mystery," continued Mr. Kage, "and the coroner's jury returned an open verdict. The nurse was perfectly trustworthy, and the child had not been out of her sight the whole of the previous day. She undressed him, gave him his regular medicine, and put him into his bed by the side of her own. She heard nothing of him in the night; and in the morning, when she came to take him up, he was dead."

"What was that medicine?" suspiciously asked Mrs. Dunn.

"Harmless, proper medicine, as was proved at the inquest. He had been taking a dessert-spoonful of it three times a day."

"Some one must have got into the bedroom and administered the poison; that's clear," said Mrs. Dunn. "The nurse Judith was trustworthy; I'll give her that due. She was one of the housemaids at the Rock, before we left it, or my father had made a simpleton of himself by marrying that flighty child Caroline Kage. When the changes came, and the new baby was born, Judith became its nurse. Yes, she was to be trusted. But somebody must have got into the chamber while she slept."

"No one went in; that seems to have been certain," observed Mr. Kage.

"Oh, ay, I know it was so asserted," contemptuously returned Mrs. Dunn; "but the boy could not have found a bottle of laudanum in his bed, uncorked ready for use, and swallowed it down. It does not stand to reason, Mr. Kage."

"Judith deposed that she never left the room for more than a couple of minutes after the boy was in bed, and then no one could have got to him. She put up some things that would be wanted for the journey in the morning, and then went to bed herself, the doors being locked; and they were so locked when she rose in the morning. No one could have entered."

"Well, all I know is, that poison cannot be taken into a child's mouth without its being put there; and you are the first person that ever I heard say it could, Mr. Kage."

He glanced at the angry lady with a spice of merriment; but for the grave subject, he might have laughed outright. "Did I say it could, Mrs. Dunn?"

"Just as good, when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith."

"Judith never left him; that appears to be a fact," interposed Miss Canterbury, speaking for the first time. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not, Mr. Kage?"

Thomas Kage nodded.

"Now, Olive, pray let me speak," broke in her impatient sister. "You were in the way of hearing it at the time, remember. Mr. Kage, I want to know what your opinion is—how *did* he come by the poison? Do you suspect any one of having given it to him. Answer me frankly amidst ourselves."

"Frankly speaking, Mrs. Dunn, I cannot answer you. As to suspecting any one—No. The child seems to have been so entirely encompassed about by protection, that I do not see how it was possible for harm, whether in the shape of mankind or womankind, to approach him. The matter to me appears to be one of those mysteries that cannot be accounted for."

"Then you positively know nothing more to tell me!" cried the exasperated Mrs. Dunn.

"I really do not."

"Well, I'm sure I never heard of such a thing. So unsatisfactory! Where's Judith now?"

"Judith took another situation afterwards," said Miss Canterbury. "Somewhere in Essex, I think."

"Mrs. Dawkes has been a fine gainer. The death gave her all the splendid Canterbury fortune."

"Hush, Lydia!" interrupted Olive. "However much we may have felt disposed to cast previous reflections on Mrs. Dawkes, we can but have the sincerest sympathy for her in her great misfortune. I believe she idolized the child."

"She was very fond of him," said Mr. Kage, "and her grief was pitiable to witness. She clung round me, and asked if I could not bring him back to life. Fry sent for me in the afternoon, and I found Caroline almost beside herself. Major Dawkes had gone out, about some of the necessary arrangements, they said, and she was alone. She clung to me, as I tell you, in a sad state; I hardly knew what to do with her."

"She came down to the Rock a mere skeleton, the day after the funeral," remarked Miss Canterbury. "We were shocked when we called upon her. She briefly and shrinkingly told us the particulars, tallying with what you have now related, and said she should never recover the blow during life. I thought, as she spoke, that she little knew how time heals the worst pangs; but I fear my thoughts were too fast, for she does not recover either strength or spirits. We scarcely ever see her; there seems to be an unwillingness on her part to receive visitors, and she leads a very secluded life. I do not think it can be good for her."

"The Major passes most of his time in London," abruptly remarked Thomas Kage.

"He passes it somewhere," replied Miss Canterbury; "he is rarely at the Rock."

"At any rate, *he* has gained by the bargain," cried the incorrigible Mrs. Dunn. "It is a magnificent fortune for him to have dropped into, all unexpectedly, through the demise of a little step-son."

"It is his wife who has dropped into it, not he," remarked Miss Canterbury.

"As if he did not have the fingering of it!" retorted Mrs. Dunn.

And Thomas Kage drew in his lips, compressing them to silence. "Fingering, ay."

"Keziah Dawkes, that sister of his, lives with her, I hear," said Mrs. Dunn. "Austin Rufort told me. A nice wet blanket she must be, judging by her face, to live with an invalid!"

"A cold, gray, hard-looking woman," acquiesced Olive Canterbury. "Caroline comes abroad but rarely; when she does, it is but to walk or drive to her mother's cottage and home again; and Miss Dawkes is always with her like her shadow. Poor Caroline seems as though she could never more find comfort in life; it is a sadness painful to look upon."

"Oh my goodness! And what satisfaction has the fortune brought her, that she so schemed for?" cried Lydia Dunn. "Only a few short years, and to have it believed that there's no more comfort for her in life! And her mother—the worse plotter of the two—a more miserable object she is, by all account! Austin Rufort came in from seeing her this afternoon while I was there. We are better off than they are, with all their wealth. As to that Dawkes, Mrs. Garston knew what she was about when she left her fortune away from him. *She* was an insolent old woman to the last, though. Fancy a Bible and Prayer-book the legacy to me, and to Olive a case of diamonds! I'm sick of the world at times. Let us go to the drawing-room, if nobody wants to take anything more."

In her unceremonious fashion, she rose at once and went away. When Mr. Kage followed them, he found Millicent alone near the fire; her sisters were at the far end of the room, examining some presents brought by Mrs. Dunn from Germany.

"Millicent, I have had no direct answer, remember," he said, in a low tone. "But I am easy on the score; for I know the signs of rejection well, and you do not wear them."

"Have you been rejected, that you know them well?"

"Once—years ago."

"By Caroline Kage?" she whispered.

"Even so. I thought you must have known it at the time. I loved her, Millicent; how deeply, matters little now, and has not mattered since that time. She broke the spell too rudely."

"When she left you to marry my father—or rather, his fortune; for that was what in truth she married. But she did love you, Thomas: I saw it then; and she continued to love you, or I am mistaken, after papa's death."

He knew she had. But he was strictly honorable; and that love and its acknowledgment would be buried within the archives of his own breast for ever.

"I shall not make you the less fond husband, Millicent, for having indulged a dream in the days gone by."

She felt that to be true. But there's a dash of coquetry in all women, and will be to the end of time, Millicent affected to doubt.

"If Major Dawkes were to die to-morrow, leaving Caroline free, you might wish then you had not spoken to me."

Mr. Kage looked at her.

"That contingency has arisen once, when your father died."

No answer.

"Millicent, seeing as I see now, loving one of you as I do now, and not the other, were you and Caroline standing before me for my choice, and she had never been else than free, never a wife, it is you I should take. Time has worked its changes within me, as well as in life's events. My darling, you need not doubt me!"

Her hand was sheltered in his; a sweet smile parted her lips; and on her cheek, partly turned from him, shone a bright glow of rose color.

It was rather cruel abruptly to interrupt the interview; and perhaps Olive Canterbury herself thought so, but she had no other resource. A servant had come in, bringing a note for Mr. Kage, marked "Immediate." He wondered who could be writing to him there and then; but when he looked at the superscription, he saw it was from Mrs. Dawkes.

"Open your note, Mr. Kage; don't stand on ceremony."

He was opening it as Mrs. Dunn spoke. She watched him, feeling curious. It contained a request, than which none more earnest had ever been penned, that he would go at once to the Rock, would return with the messenger, and *not* speak of it to any one.

"Who has brought this?" he asked of the servant.

"It's Fry, sir, Mrs. Dawkes's maid; she is waiting at the door; she'd not come in."

With a word of apology to Miss Canterbury for his departure, but none of explanation, Mr. Kage withdrew. Outside he found Fry. She said that Mrs. Dawkes wanted to see him for something very particular indeed, if he would be so kind as to go back to the Rock with her. Mr. Kage acquiesced, and they proceeded on the way together.

"I hear your mistress is not in a good state of health," he observed.

"She's just in that state, sir, that unless a change takes place more speedier than its possible, she will not last long," was the maid's answer.

He was deeply shocked, but he made no comment; though he could not but think there was something unreasonable in her thus grieving to death for the loss of a fragile child.

"Is the Major at the Rock just now?" he inquired.

"No, sir. His sister is with us; she came down here the day following the one we and my mistress came, and she has never gone away since. As to the Major, it's not often he troubles the Rock."

"But with his wife in this precarious state?" debated Thomas Kage.

"Oh, as to that, my poor mistress would as lieve have his room as his company. They are not too good friends, sir."

Fry gave her head a toss in the starlight. It seemed evident that she was not too good a friend of the Major's either. Mr. Kage said nothing.

"My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she was talking of sending to London for you," resumed Fry. "When I told her to-night that you were at Chilling, she said it was nothing but a Providence that had brought you down."

"How did you know I was here?"

"Neel brought in word, sir. He went to the station after a parcel of books Miss Dawkes expected, and saw you there. I went round to the inn first, and they said they thought you had gone to Miss Canterbury's."

"Is it the grieving for the child that has brought your mistress into this sad state of health?"

"It can't be anything else, sir. She has never looked up, so to say, since he was put into his grave. Not that she ever speaks of it, even to me. I have ventured once or twice to say that she ought not to let it prey upon her mind so, as the dear little boy is better off; but she answers nothing—only tells me to hold my tongue."

"She wants cheerful society, and change."

"Just what I say, sir," returned Fry. "Always alone, and brooding upon it, it stands to reason that she can't shake it off. I'm sure the way she tosses and turns and moans in her sleep is enough to make her ill, let alone anything else. I sleep in her room now, sir. The day the inquest took place in London, she says to me, 'Fry, get a bed put up in my room to-night; I am ill, and may want attendance in the night.' Since then she has never let me go out of her room again. If she moves her room—and she has twice since she came to the Rock—my bed has to be moved too."

"Is Miss Dawkes a sufficiently cheerful companion for your mistress?" asked Mr. Kage, a doubtful accent in his voice.

"Well, sir, I believe she does her best to amuse her. But my mistress sits a great deal alone in her own rooms, where she won't always admit Miss Dawkes: she never liked her, and that's the fact."

Walking quickly, they had approached the Rock, and were close on the front entrance. Fry took a sudden detour to the right.

"This way, if you please, sir," she whispered.

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage; for the way led direct into the wilderness of trees that bordered the south wing of the Rock. "Wherefore?"

"It's all right, sir."

Glancing back at the house, he saw how dull it looked; scarcely any lights to be seen in its windows: just like the dwelling of one who lives a sick life, secluded from the world. Fry plunged into a labyrinth of trees, and Mr. Kage followed her.

"My mistress does not wish your visit to her known, sir; and I am going to take you in by the small iron postern-door in the south wing," said Fry in a confidential tone. "A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has never been used—no, nor opened either—since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. I thought I should have had to call Neel, but my mistress said do it myself, if I could. You've heard of the door, sir, I daresay; it opens on a staircase which leads right up to the rooms in the south wing: and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, when his father wanted to keep too tight a hand upon him. My mis-

BUDDHA.

Buddha has more worshippers in the world than Christ has. This statement is very startling; but when we remember that the greater part of the four hundred millions of Chinese are Buddhists, besides the populations of Japan, Burmah, Siam, Thibet and Ceylon, it seems to be true, for these countries contain nearly half of the whole human race. The Buddhists, if the whole world were under one government, with a perfect equality of rights, would be able to outvote the Protestant Christians by five or six to one; and a rather singular exemplification would be afforded of a saying that is frequently in the mouths of demagogues, that "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

tress has changed her apartments for these. I didn't want her to. Edgar Canterbury died in them, and I thought it looked like a bad omen; but Miss Dawkes said she was to go in them if she liked, and not be checked in such a trifle. But for her being in them, I'm sure I don't know how ever you would have got to her to-night, sir, unbeknown."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he asked. "To the servants?"

"Chiefly to Miss Dawkes, sir. But there's none of *them* she'd trust, except me and Neel; they are all regular gossips. Mind your face, sir."

It all sounded mysterious enough, especially Fry's voice. The shrubs were dense just here, and the recommendation as to his face was connected with the spreading brambles, the door—a small iron door—being completely hidden by them. Fry dexterously fought her way to it, took a key from her pocket, and turned it in the lock. After a great deal of creaking and groaning, the door allowed itself to be pushed open. Mr. Kage saw a flight of narrow stairs, on one of which stood a lighted hand-lamp.

"You must excuse the dust, sir. It's an inch thick."

Locking the door behind her, she took the lamp to light him up. At the top of the stairs another door had to be opened, and a dark closet passed through. This brought them to the habitable part of the south wing. Crossing the richly-carpeted corridor, Thomas Kage found himself in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN THE SOUTH WING.

Shocked though Mr. Kage had been by Fry's account of her mistress's state, far far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small but handsome, and replete with every comfort. Mrs. Dawkes sat on a sofa near the fire; her features were white and attenuated, her lips and cheeks scarlet with inward fever, and a dark circle surrounded her wild bright eyes. The black silk dress she wore sat loosely; her beautiful golden hair, bound back by a bit of black ribbon, fell carelessly on her shoulders. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them in silence.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "remain in the room next the baize door. If she comes to the door, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her. I am too unwell to go down say, and can see no one here."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry as she went out and closed the door.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express. He thought her culpably wrong to give way to this intense grief, but supposed it had become morbid. She gazed up into his face with a yearning look.

"Years ago, in this very house," she began, "you said that you would henceforth from that time be unto me as a brother, other relationship between us being barred. You said that if ever I were in need of a true friend, I was to apply to you. I have put aside the old feelings—I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your best and truest friend: your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up—you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor—a strong green-baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as being unpleasantly singular; it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening—of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up for that, as well as to keep her out—and him, when he is down here."

"You—dreamt of this evening?" asked Thomas Kage, not catching distinctly the thread of the sense.

"I seem to have foreseen it. I knew that I should need to see you before I die—for who else is there that I can trust?—and I knew that so long as she could get access to me there was no chance of any private conversation. Besides, I wanted to be alone, all to myself; away from the weariness of her continual presence, from her observant eyes. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear came over Thomas Kage as he listened. Had she in any degree lost her mind? Something in the words and the unconnected tone suggested the thought to him. But he was wrong. Highly feverish she was; her mind restless, her manner nervous; but nothing more.

"I know she is placed over me as a spy. I can see it, and so can Fry; but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live; and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up."

"You speak of Miss Dawkes?"

"Yes. She watches me like a cat by night and by day. What do you think?—she actually proposed to take Fry's place in my room at night. It was the first time *he* was down after we came here. That did arouse me. I told him, that if his sister pushed herself too much on me—and he knew I had never cared for her—I should apply for a separation from him, and be rid of both of them. I can't think how I ever took courage to say it; but Mr. Carlton had called that day, and Miss Canterbury had called, and it seemed to make me think I was not quite without friends, and that I need not be so much afraid. We have moments of inspiration, you know. It answered too; for nothing more was said about her sleeping in my room. And then the time went on, and I moved into this wing, and had the door put up. She does not know of the postern staircase."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your imagination is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if imagination would ever calm down again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your errors, Caroline; you know I have always spoken for your good, your welfare."

"Oh, yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of anguished remorse. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me. Thomas, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion; of pique against you."

"These events are past; why recall them?"

"Why *not* recall them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave; though I may have lived blindfold, or partially so. When you quitted the Rock, after that decisive interview had taken place between us, which I am sure you remember as vividly as I, I seemed not to care what became of me. I was bitterly angry with you; and when the man proposed again to me, I believe I accepted him only because you had warned me not to do it, and I hoped it would vex you. God has punished me."

"It cannot be recalled, Caroline: surely you may let it rest," he rejoined. "I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off. He is at rest; he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind as well as in body; what distress is it that you are suffering from?"

"I must have inherited a touch of papa's complaint; he died of consumption I believe. Before Tom went, I was very ill and weak, as you may remember: and—and—the shock, I suppose, prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are preying upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever *he* is at the Rock, I am in a dreadful state of nervousness. And no one knows how *her* being here angers me and worries me.

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer. He could not help remarking, rather, the strange avoidance of her husband's and Miss Dawkes's names.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

"I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard. Which was quite a foolish apprehension; for the south wing, enclosed within its strong walls, was entirely apart from the rest of the house, and Fry, the only present inmate save themselves, sat in her far-off chamber, near the green baize entrance-door. Caroline bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone that he did not catch the words, and had to ask her again.

"I—want—a—will—made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No—no."

"Then it is right and proper that you should make one. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions and get it executed?"

"My dear, what ails you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, will be for you to send for Mr. Norris, and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She will take care that I don't make one."

He knew she alluded still to Miss Dawkes.

"But she must let you make one; she cannot hinder you."

"Thomas, she is here to see that I don't make one. For no other purpose whatever, than that, is she put here to keep guard over me."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas into your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, possessing the immense property that you do, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, it goes to my husband—money, and land, and the Rock. Everything, nearly, would go to him."

"Of course, if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see now why he does not want me to make one; *why he will not permit me to make one;* why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one? It would be too wearisome for *him* to remain on guard—let alone the issue we might come to—and so he leaves *her* on duty."

"I hope you are mistaken," Thomas Kage gravely replied. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it!" she vehemently broke forth. "O Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline! Do, not, I say, recall the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? what possessed my mother to incite him to it, and I to second her?" she went on, paying no attention to the interruption. "I wish it had been burnt; I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea!"

"It was an unjust will, bordering, as I think, on iniquity; but why do you call it a dangerous one? How am I to understand the term as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will?"

"Do you *not* understand it?" she asked, with pointed emphasis. "I sit here in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things, real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that you foresaw how it might become dangerous. There was a day, in this very house, when you earnestly warned me against suffering such a will to stand; when you seemed to be buried in a vision of the time to come, if I *did* let it stand, and shrank from it as from a black shadow, from a haunting dream. I have not forgotten it, Thomas, or your words."

Neither had he; but he did not choose to say so. The past was past; and for many reasons he thought it well not to bring it back again.

"Caroline, we were speaking of the real, not of the ideal. I am unable to comprehend your position, as you seem to put it. You are mistress of this house, and of its servants. It is your own absolutely; your husband has legally no authority in it. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is not agreeable to you, politely request her to terminate her visit. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness it must be, and nothing else."

"If I only stirred in the matter, if I only said to her, Go, it would bring *him*. They are acting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The whole property is yours, remember; not subject to Major Dawkes's control."

"But there would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me. Besides," she added, sinking her voice and glancing round with another of those looks of apprehensive terror, "I might be poisoned."

"O, Caroline!"

"Tom was, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

Was she wandering now? Mr. Kage mentally debated the question, and with intense pain.

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to its rightful owners: I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Olive—"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice almost of alarm; "neither will I inherit any of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think well yourself; I must decline all interference. The money has lapsed to you, Caroline; my trusteeship is over; do not now request me to take it up again."

"But you will advise me how to leave my money?"

"No."

"Not advise me! What can be the motive for your refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline. You have experience to guide you now; you can take advice of yourself."

"But you must have a motive. Tell it me. If you do not, the wondering what it can be will worry me for days and nights; you don't know how weak I have grown. Thomas, I conjure you, tell it me!"

He would have preferred not to tell her; at least, during this interview. But she left him no resource. In his straightforward truth he spoke; his voice somewhat low and unwilling.

"I am to marry Millicent Canterbury."

She looked down upon her thin white hands, clasped together, and did not speak. But for the crimson hue that stole over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear. Surely she must love him still! In spite of her two marriages, hers must indeed have been an enduring love.

"Well, be it so," she said at length. "Thomas, I am glad to hear it; or I shall be when the brunt of the news has a little passed. Do not mistake me; the old remembrances are upon me to-night, or I should not feel this. You could not have chosen a better girl than Leta. Indeed I am glad of it; I have never been so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not, advise as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage, in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent; on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honorable as usual! You are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so—"

"What then?" he asked—for she did not continue.

"This conversation never would have had place, and my child would be here by my side, and I should not be dying."

What she said was too true; and he knew it. They had not been able to fight against fate. Little use, then, to picture now what might have been. Caroline had played him false to marry a wealthy man; and all the regret in the world, and the bitter repentance, would not alter it.

"I must get a will made," she resumed, breaking the silence. "Can you show me how it may be done? I am virtually a wretched prisoner, remember."

He thought it over for a moment. Assuming what she said to be a fact, there was difficulty in the prospect.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions, Caroline."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion.

"So he might! I had not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighborhood, and I was worrying myself to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the postern-door. Yes, yes; Norris is honest, and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

"Leave him nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Kage, surprised out of the remark. "Nothing? Would that be justice?"

"Justice and mercy too. I leave him my *silence;* and that is more mercy than he deserves. He poisoned my child."

"Hush!" rebuked Mr. Kage.

"He poisoned my child," she persisted, beginning to tremble.

They gazed into each other's eyes. Hers were fixed, wild, bright; his, seriously questioning.

"Caroline, this is an awfully grave charge."

"It is a true one," she affirmed. "I have known it all along. I knew it when the coroner's inquest was sitting; I knew it when you all went to put him in the grave. He had a bottle of laudanum in his dressing-room—but I believe none of the inmates of the house, save myself, had noticed that he had it; and lucky for him they had not. That laudanum-bottle had been there for weeks, untouched; but it was missing from its place the evening Tom died. I looked for it, and it was gone; I wanted some to put to my tooth. Was it not strange that that very night, of all others, I should have looked for it, and but that night?"

Mr. Kage made no reply. He was lost in thought.

"I went to bed early that night, at eight o'clock; and after I was in bed, I got up to fetch the laudanum-bottle from his dressing-room. It was not there. I was amazed at its absence, because I knew it always was there, and I had seen it earlier in the day. Soon afterwards he came in; and when he saw me he started like a guilty man, and hurried something under his coat as he went through to his dressing-room. It must have been the bottle—it was the bottle! The next morning I saw the bottle in its place again. No one but himself had gone through my room that night; and therefore I knew that it was he who had replaced it. I thought nothing of it at the moment; no, nor even when the alarm of the death came."

"Allowing all this to be true—and I cannot disbelieve you—how could he have administered it to the child? Judith never left him."

"He did not administer it; Judith did that."

"*Judith!*" uttered Thomas Kage.

"Judith; but not intentionally. She believed, poor woman, when she gave him his dessert-spoonful of mixture that evening, that she was giving him his proper medicine. When she brought the child down to me, I did not send her back, but kept her talking; the nursery was therefore vacant. That was *his* opportunity. The mixture-bottle must have been then taken away, and the laudanum-bottle substituted. Oh, I assure you, Thomas, I have gone over all this so often since in my mind, that I seem to have seen it all done. Judith gave him a dessert-spoonful of the opium instead of his proper medicine. Major Dawkes must have waited in his room opposite; and when she had shut herself into the night-nursery, he went softly in and changed the bottles again, having taken out the same quantity of the rightful physic. I daresay he swallowed it. Then he came sneaking down with the laudanum-bottle in his hand, little thinking I had been searching for it, or that I was in my room. I saw the next morning that some of the contents had been taken out."

"Were the bottles alike?"

"Exactly alike. Green-glass bottles, with about the same quantity of stuff in each; and the color of the mixture and of the laudanum tallied. The labels were not alike, and Judith cannot read writing."

"I know she cannot."

"'Tincture of Opium. Major Dawkes,' was on the one; 'The Mixture. Master Canterbury,' was on the other. Some days after the dreadful truth had revealed itself to me, I had Judith alone, and cautiously questioned her. She was in much distress, and confessed that a matter was preying on her mind. It was this:—after she had given the mixture to the child that evening, he shook his head and said it was 'nasty,' which had never been his complaint before. In putting in the cork, her eye fell on the words of the label, and she thought they looked different—not the same she was accustomed to see; but in the impossibility (as she supposed) of its being any other label or bottle, she had concluded it was her fancy. The next morning by daylight, the old familiar writing seemed to be returned to the bottle. Not until after the child was buried, she said, did this incident recur to her memory. It was strange that it should not; but I could not disbelieve her, for Judith was ever truthful."

"Did you do well to conceal these circumstances?" inquired Mr. Kage, in a low tone. "They might have been investigated."

"Had I known them—had they presented themselves to my mind at the moment of my boy's death, I should inevitably have proclaimed them to the world. But Fry was hasty with her opinion that he must have died in a fit; the Major seconded it; and I thought it was so, in my wild grief. When the doctors had held their post-mortem examination, and declared the cause of his death to be opium, the news of which was brought in by Fry, then the truth flashed upon me—in a confusion of ideas at first; but, little by little, each distinct point grew, and stood out with awful clearness."

"He came down to my chambers that night, asking me to advance some of the child's money," murmured Thomas Kage.

"Oh yes, that was a part of his cunning scheme," was Mrs. Dawkes's bitter answer. "He had laid his plans well, be you sure of that, to divert suspicion from himself. He went to you, that you might testify, if needful, he was away in the evening; he asked to borrow the money—knowing that you were not likely to lend it—that it might be assumed he saw no prospect at that, the eleventh hour, of succeeding to my boy's. He slept out, that it should be seen *he* had not gone near Tom to harm him, and hoping to be away when the alarm occurred."

"And you have not spoken of this!"

"Never, until this night. How could I? No one suspects the part he took, unless it be Judith, and—no doubt—Miss Dawkes. Fry does not; she would abuse the doctors by the hour together in my presence, for saying Tom died from opium, seeing he could not have got at any; but I stop her always. Can you wonder," added Caroline, in an altered tone, "that I have lived since in fear—in nervous dread—and that I dare not provoke an open rupture with the man I once called husband?"

"Did you ever hint at your suspicions to him?"

"Only once. If ever I thought to do it, my tongue seemed to dry in my mouth, my heart to sicken. On the day of the inquest, he came in to condole with me after it was over—the false hypocrite! and I suddenly spoke to him. 'That bottle of laudanum you kept in your dressing-room was away from it the evening before Tom died; where was it?' He was taken by surprise, and turned as white as ashes; his lips were ghastly and tremulous, as they strove to say it was not away from it, so far as he knew. That look alone would be sufficient to prove his guilt. I said no more; I only gazed steadily at him, and he turned away. I could not be the first to accuse him; he had been my husband; had any one else done so, I should have said what I knew. We have lived an estranged life since then; to appearance, outwardly civil. I came here the next day, with my dreadful secret; he has been down once or twice, and we go through the ceremony of hand-shaking at his arrival and departure; and she is here—my keeper."

Mr. Kage leaned his head upon his hand.

"Yes, I am here with my dreadful secret," she reiterated; "and he is living in a whirl of gayety, of sin. I sometimes wonder whether the past lies, a burden, upon him also, in the silence of the accusing night."

"A dreadful secret indeed!" Thomas Kage echoed, wiping his brow. "Caroline, why did you tell it me?"

"Not for you to accuse and betray him; not to repeat again. When this conversation shall be over, you can bury it in the solitude of your own breast, and leave him to his conscience and the future. But I could not go to my grave without telling *you* what has sent me there."

Mr. Kage sat thinking—thinking over the chain of events from their commencement. The foolish marriage of Mr. Canterbury with this young girl; the unjust will; the dangerous clause of the great fortune reverting to her should the child die. Yes, dangerous; Mrs. Dawkes had called it by its right name. Dangerous if she married a needy and unscrupulous second husband.

"Oh, but it was an *awful* temptation!" he exclaimed aloud; not to her, but in self-communing. "Awful, awful, to such a one as Dawkes. Poor man!"

"You say 'poor man!' You pity him?"

"Not his guilty weakness in yielding to it; not his wicked sin; but I pity him for his exposure to the temptation. Better that Mr. Canterbury had left his money to revert to his daughters after the child; better that he had left it to the county hospital."

"Did you think of this horrible contingency when you urged me, almost with a prayer, not to inherit after my child?"

"Do not recur to what I thought," he sharply cried, as if the question struck an unpleasant chord within him. "I am given to flights of fancy, and I don't know what I may have thought."

"I will send for Norris," she resumed; "he must come in as you came to night. You see now why I dare not venture to let it be known I wish to make a will. Major Dawkes comes into all after my death; he sees that I cannot last long, *she* sees it. Of course they will not let me make a will."

"Yes, I see, Caroline."

"Were I to insist upon it—were they only to suspect that I wished to make one, that I so much as thought of it, they—he—might put me out of the way as he put Tom," she said with glistening eyes.

It was altogether so strange and sad a thing, that Thomas Kage scarcely liked to leave her. But it must be. He took her hands in his when he rose to say farewell, bending over her.

"I shall come in state to the front entrance to-morrow, Caroline, and pay you a formal visit, as though we had not met since you left London."

"Since the day of my boy's funeral! Do so. She will be in the room all the time; there's no chance of any visitor being allowed to see me alone. Good-night, good-night; we shall not meet many more times in this world!"

"Caroline," he lingered to whisper, an anxious look arising to his own face, "are you prepared for the next?"

"I think of it as a rest from weary sorrow; I think of it as a place of loving pardon and peace. I wish I was better fitted for it."

"Why do you not send for Mr. Rufort?"

"She would not let him come to be with me alone."

"She must let him; she shall let him."

"Thomas, let me get the will made first, and I shall be more at ease. I am in no immediate danger."

"Good-night, my dear child. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Dawkes touched a silver hand-bell, and Fry came flying out of a room at the end of the corridor, one close to the new baize door. Thomas Kage saw the door as he looked that way. Fry conducted him down the dusty stairs, and out at the rusty postern entrance to the mass of entangled shrubs; and he picked his way through them lost in thought, deeply pondering on the revelations his visit had brought forth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Liquor Agency.

Several weeks ago, we published the following arithmetical question:—

A liquor agent of a New England town held the office for one year—at the close of which, he gave the following statement of his account, viz.:

Amount of cash received upon assuming the office	$22 17
Value of liquor received at same time	67 54
Cash received for sales of liquor during the year	102 97
Amount paid for liquor bought during the year	59 91
Amount of salary of agent	25 00
Value of liquor on hand at the end of the year	21 27

Does the agent owe the town or does the town owe the agent? and how much?

W. M. C., of Centre Brook, Conn., sends us the correct answer, which, as stated by C. W. Rudyard, of this city, is as follows:—

RECEIPTS.

Cash received upon assuming the office		$22 17
Cash received for sales of liquor during the year		102 97
Total receipts		$125 14

EXPENDITURES.

Amount paid for liquor bought during the year	$59 91	
Amount of salary of agent	25 00	
Total expenditures		$84 91
Amount due by agent to the town		$40 23

The value of liquor on hand at the end of the year, $21 27, is transferred to the town, the year for which the agent was appointed having expired.

Had the problem included the question—"How much was the gain or loss?" the result would have been as follows:

Amount of cash received from town upon assuming office		$22 17
Value of liquor received at same time		67 54
		$89 71
Amount of cash due by agent to town	$40 23	
Value of liquor returned to town	21 27	$61 50
The town loses		$28 11

ANOTHER METHOD.

Amount of cash received from sales of liquor		$102 97
Amount paid for liquors bought		59 91
Net amount of cash received for sales of liquors		$43 06
Value of liquors received from town	$67 54	
Value of liquors returned to town	21 27	
Value of liquors received from town sold by agent		$46 17
Net gain on liquors sold		$18 89
Amount of salary of agent		25 00
The town loses		$6 11
Amount of cash received from town upon assuming office		$22 17
Net amount of cash received from sale of liquors		43 06
		$70 23
Amount of salary of agent		25 00
Amount due the town by agent in cash		$50 23

WOMEN IN THE JURY BOX.—LARAMIE CITY, Wyoming, March 1.—Among the jurors drawn for the March term of the Albany County, Wyoming Court, were eleven ladies, some of them the wives of the most prominent citizens. The excitement caused by this proceeding is intense.

☞ In Illinois corn shelling is now done by persons who travel from farm to farm with a machine. The usual charge is two cents per bushel. Six to eight hundred bushels is a day's work.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ The Dominican Republic has formally declared in favor of annexation to the United States. The vote throughout the country shows an overwhelming majority in the affirmative. The towns of Santiago La Vega and Azua led the demand for annexation.

☞ MIS-CONSTRUCTION.—"Getting-up" a young lady in the "height of the fashion."

☞ There is a rumor that Dr. Livingstone has been murdered and burnt ninety days' journey from the Congo.

☞ Illinois has a young lady of 17, who is a burglaress; and as a reward for opening up a new field of labor for women, is to enjoy a five years' visit to the penitentiary.

☞ With gold at 115, the lowest recorded since September, 1862, $100 in greenbacks represented a real value of $86.96 in gold.—*Philada. Ledger.*

☞ Instead of quoting gold at a premium it is truer and wiser to quote paper at a discount. Gold is the standard currency, and is always at par, for all practical currency purposes, at its face. It is the paper currency that has been bought and sold, at prices varying according to the varying confidence of the public in ultimate redemption, and according to the excess of it in use.

☞ The wheat crop of England, according to the Mark Lane Express, is not up to the average yield, and the oats crop is much below its average. The Express estimates from the returns already received that the wheat crop will only amount to 80,000,000 bushels.

☞ A Wisconsin clergyman who has been preaching against marriage is ascertained to have upward of nine wives living in different parts of the country. He speaks, it seems, from experience.

☞ The last subject discussed by the Virgilian Debating Society was, "If you had to have a boil, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been less doing. 9000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,27½@4,50 for superfine, $4,75@5 for extras, $5@6 for Northwest family, $5@8 for Penna extra family, $5,25@6,25 for Penna and Western family, and $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—400 bbls sold in lots at $4,75.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has been limited. 35,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold in lots at $1,24@1,35. Rye—2400 bus sold in lots at $1 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 90,000 bus new yellow at 90@93c, and 4000 bus of white at 93@94c. Oats—60,000 bus sold at 54@56c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very quiet. Sales of 250 bbls new Mess Pork at $20,50@21. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 15½@16c for steam and kettled rendered; kegs at 17½c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 26@32c. Eggs sell at 27½@28c ₱ doz.

COTTON—700 bales Middlings sold at 23@24c for Uplands, and 24@25c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron is quoted at $30 ₱ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1,50@1,55; Mixed do $1,30@1,40; Straw $1,25@1,30.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@20c, and Wisconsin at 15@20c.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is very little doing; No. 1 at $24@25. Bar Iron at $73@80 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—Sales of 3000 bus at $7,75@8. Timothy commands $4,75. Flaxseed sells at $2,25@2,30 ₱ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1925 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8½c ₱ lb. 5600 Hogs sold at from $13 to 13,75 ₱ 100 lbs.

NORWAY OATS.

FARMERS who have engaged seed for future delivery are notified that remittances must be made for the same before March 15th. Those intending to purchase for the coming season should send in their orders at once with the money.

NOTICE.

Many unprincipled parties are selling counterfeit seed, using our name without authority. Hundreds of bushels of White Surprise and Black New Brunswick Oats are being offered as imported Norway Oats. They are inferior in quality and possess none of the excellencies of our grain. The record of the past season shows that the RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS produced more than double on the average that of any of the other varieties sold in competition with them, and are far superior in quality and in weight. With the genuine seed it is the best-paying crop the farmer can grow. Be sure to get genuine, and we guarantee satisfaction. Price by the bushel, $7.50; half bush., $4; peck, $2.50—standard of 33 pounds. Sow one bushel to the acre. Every farmer should read our paper. Sent free to all. Address D. W. RAMSDELL & CO., 312 Pearl street, N. Y., (Box 3620); 171 Lake street, Chicago, Ill.; or 613 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. mch12-3t

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD for REED ORGANS. Many first class teachers of music have hitherto refrained from giving lessons upon the Cabinet and other Reed Organs, for want of a thorough method of instruction. The deideratum is now attained by the publication of this highly successful and popular book. In connection with its attractive studies it is interspersed with the finest selections ever brought together in one book, thus greatly aiding in forming a correct musical taste. (Copyrighted 1869.) Price $2.50. Sent, post paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 Washington St., Boston. CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

TO CARRIAGE MAKERS.—The best improved [illegible] Carriage Dashes. [illegible]

[illegible] idea of beauty. And yet there were hours when she scarcely knew herself, when she stood in perfect amaze at the remembrance of Lucy Garth as she had been only a brief while before.

Her marriage had taken her into an entirely new sphere at the most important epoch of her life. The powers of her mind were roused, imagination, taste, love of beauty and an exultant sense of liberty had crowded out the severe and distasteful lessons of the past. She plunged eagerly into every enjoyment, though at first her ideas were quite simple. But prodigality grows upon one.

Her first keen mortification was at her own ignorance. She knew nothing of music, of poetry, of intellectual pursuits. Much as she loved dress and outward adorning she saw that some cultivation was necessary if she was to stand on a level with those whom she most admired. Mr. and Mrs. Glenfield had made much of her, it is true, and under their auspices she had been introduced to the best society at Dedham [illegible] growing) with a choice list of Flower seed, will be forwarded *gratis* to all. I warrant my seed shall prove as represented. I warrant it shall reach each purchaser. I warrant all money forwarded shall reach me. Send for a catalogue.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY,
mar5-6t Marblehead, Mass.

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 26 Laight St., New York. feb12-3m

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU.
THE GREAT DIURETIC.

The proprietor trusts that his Remedies, from the fact of being advertised, may not be classed as Patent Medicines.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is a Pharmaceutical preparation. The proper name is given, and it is the most active which can be made; it is endorsed as a cure by all medical works, for such diseases as recommended by the proprietor. It is pleasant in its taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and is taken by adults and children. It is Tonic, Diuretic, Blood Purifying, and Invigorating. Enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes will find it far more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

See Medical Properties contained in Dispensatory of the United States, of which the following is a correct copy:

BUCHU.—Its odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic; its taste is bitterish, and analogous to that of mint. It is given chiefly in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, morbid irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, diseases of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or the Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. It has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

TESTIMONY.

CURE OF GRAVEL OF FIVE YEARS STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

SAVANNAH, TENN., May 14, 1869.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold:

DEAR SIR—We introduced your "Fluid Extract Buchu" in this country about eight months ago, and are happy to state that it is meeting with universal favor. We wish to inform you of one instance (among many) where your "Buchu" has worked wonders. A man in our county named J. B. Enoch, had been suffering about five years with gravel. About six weeks ago he bought of us one bottle of your "Buchu" and before he was through with one bottle he passed a gravel that weighs eight grains, which we now have on exhibition in our drug store. He says that he will never be without the "Buchu" in his house again. Your Preparations are gaining favor every day. Very respectfully yours, &c.,
BUCKLES & HINKEL, Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 25, 1867.

H. T. Helmbold, Druggist:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks was able to walk out. I feel much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I have not used any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it, whenever occasion may require its use, in such affections.
M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:
Hon. WM. BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. B. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. KNOX, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. GRIER, Philadelphia.
Hon. G. W. WOODWARD, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. PORTER, Philadelphia.
Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF BLADDER AND KIDNEY AFFECTION OF LONG STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

WESTPORT, CONN., Sept. 5, 1869.

H. T. Helmbold, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I commenced taking your "Extract o Buchu" about two weeks since for an affection of the Gravel, Bladder and Kidneys. I have suffered by spells very much for a few days past. But yesterday relief came through the effect of your "Buchu." A stone passed from my bladder about the size of a large pea, and I now feel perfect well and entirely free from the pain that I have suffered with "so hard." I attribute my cure to your medicine entirely, and would recommend all persons similarly affected to try it. I have great faith in its curative powers.
Yours, truly, THOMAS J. BENNETT.

REFERS TO
Rev. WILLIAM COGSWELL, Westport, Conn.
J. L. G. CANNON, Druggist, Westport, Conn.
H. B. WHEELER, Esq., Westport, Conn.
BRADLEY HULL, Esq., Westport, Conn.
Dr. WAKEMAN, Reading, Conn.
R. W. ROBINSON, Wholesale Druggist, New York City. And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER AFFECTION OF A PATIENT SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

THANKS TO MR. HELMBOLD.

GIRARD, PA., March 31, 1869.

EDITOR COSMOPOLITE:—I desire as an unsolicited tribute to the merits of "Helmbold's Buchu," and for the benefit of those similarly affected as myself, to say, that after consulting many eminent physicians, and trying nearly all the best advertised remedies, in the vain hope of finding relief from aggravated kidney and bladder disease, from which I have suffered excessively for many years, good fortune finally suggested to me Helmbold's Buchu, which I commenced using with little faith, and no apparent beneficial results for about a month. At the expiration of that time, however, I thought I commenced to experience slight relief, which encouraged me to persevere in its use, and now at the expiration of four months, although I am an infirm old man, nearly 78 years of age, and consequently medicines must be expected to adversely affect me as they otherwise would, I have found such unspeakable relief and permanent benefit from Mr. Helmbold's valuable discovery, that I feel that I owe it to publicly record the fact, as an acknowledgment to him and a valuable suggestion to the public. Yours, respectfully,
D. M. LAREN.

Mr. Laren refers to the following gentlemen:
DAN RICE, Girard, Pa.
CHAS. STOW, Esq., Girard, Pa., Editor Cosmopolite.
GEORGE H. CUTLER, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
I. HINES, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
DAVID W. BUTCHINSON, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
DAVID OLIN, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
DAVID E. DAY, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
F. ROCKWELL, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
C. ELY, Girard, Pa., Druggist.

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☞ None are genuine unless DOWN UP IN STEEL ENGRAVED WRAPPER, with fac simile of my Chemical Warehouse. Signed, H. T. HELMBOLD.
feb12-sowly

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The National Watch Company.

ALL THE GRADES OF THE ELGIN WATCHES
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in various parts of the land have unreservedly endorsed them. They are in use upon numerous lines of Railway, including the Union Pacific and the Pennsylvania Central, and officers of these roads, with other prominent R. R. officials, endorse them as the best Watches for the use of R. R. employees and travellers yet introduced.

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C. G. HAMMOND, Gen'l Sup't.

OFFICE OF THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, Gen'l Sup't, New York, Jan. 17, 1870.
T. M. AVERY, Esq., President National Watch Co.
DEAR SIR:—The Watch made by your Company which I have carried the past two months, has kept excellent time. I have carried it frequently on engines, and have been on the road with it almost daily. During this time it has run uniformly with our standard clock. Truly yours,
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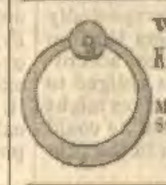

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THE RECKIPT, an entirely new Discovery, for making Straight Hair Curl, and remaining so, mailed for two stamps. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. sep25-3m

HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—I will send *free* to invalids full directions how to prepare from a *common plant* a certain cure for *Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh*, etc. Address DR. PALMER, Lock Box P, Brooklyn, New York. feb12 3m

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. aug21-1y

$20 A DAY MADE AT HOME.—20 entirely new articles for agents. Samples sent free. Address "THE STAR," feb26-12t Vernon, New Jersey.

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NORWAY OATS.
A prime lot of these superior Oats $3.50 per bushel of 32 pounds. COLLINS, ALDERSON & CO., Seed Growers, 1111 and 1113 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. mar5-9t

LOOK!—FOR ONLY 25 CENTS I will send the recipes to make twelve (12) kinds of ink, *Blue, Black, Brown, Yellow, Green, Purple, Red, Crimson, Violet, Gold, Silver, and Invisible*, or any *three* for 10 cents. Address W. H. PENDLETON, Gilboa, Louisa county, Virginia. mar5-2t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PA.—Summer Course of Lectures commences March 28 and continues to July 1, 1870. Fees for the course $30. For particulars, address JOB. SITES, M. D., 514 Pine St., Philadelphia. mar5-2t

WANTED.—*TO AGENTS and POULTRY RAISERS.*—We want men to act as our agents in every county. Good salary or commissions paid. A practical knowledge of the habits and care of fowls a necessary qualification. Address, with stamp, H. PITMAN & CO., Lynn, Mass., sole proprietors of "The American Egg Producer." feb19-4t

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To sell the only really good low-priced Sewing Machine. Sample complete to agents only $12. *From $75 to $200 per month and expenses paid to energetic agents, male or female.* Send for circulars or sample machine, and commence canvassing in your own neighborhood. Address *BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO.*, Cleveland, Ohio. feb19-4t

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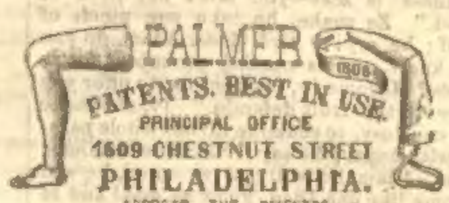

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WIT AND HUMOR.

How the Serpent "Came it Over" Eve.

A Frenchman's account of the temptation and fall:

Monsieur Adam, he wake up; he see une belle demoselle aslip in se garden. Voila de la chance. "Bon jour, Madame Iv." Madame Iv, she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire se tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry; she see appel on se arbre. Serpent se promene sur l'arbre, make one walk on se tree. "Mons le Serpent," say Iv, "weel you not have se boute to peek me some appel, J'ai faim?" "Certainment," madame," say se serpent, "charme de vous voir." "Hola, mon ami, ar-r-r-eter vous," say Adam: "stop, stop, quesongen, vous faire? What madness is zees—you must not peek se appel." Ze make, he take one pinch of snuff; he say: "Ah! Mons. Adam, do you not know zere is nossing prohebeet for se ladies? Madame Iv, permect me to offer you some of this fruit defendu." Iv, she make one courtesy, ze snake he fill her whole parasol with appel; he say: "Britis sioue Deus. Mons. Adam he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu, know se good and se evil; but you, madame, but you, madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess zan you are now." And zis finish Madame Iv.

Punch Scientifically Considered.

The Exeter (Eng.) Change has this clever burlesque on the style of scientific lectures — Prof. Tyndall, especially. "Experiment has proved that the juice of three or four lemons, and three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar dissolved in about three pints of boiling water, give saporous waves which strike the palate at such intervals, that the thrilling acidity of the lemon juice and the cloying sweetness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of saporific notes. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow rind of one lemon. Here we might pause, if the soul of man craved no higher result than lemonade. But, to obtain the culminating saporosity of punch, we must dash into the bowl at least a pint of rum, and nearly the same volume of brandy. The molucules of alcohol, sugar and citric acid collide, an entirely new series of vibrations is produced—tremors to which the dullest palate is attuned. In punch, then, we have rhythm within rhythm, and all that philosophy can do is to take kindly to its subtle harmonies."

An Excess of Good Nature.

How laudable the effort when one desires to make everybody feel pleasant! There was old Dave Weeks, of Salisbury, Missouri, a hard-working man, who, in harvest time would "hire out" to the farmers for high wages. Once, when hands were scarce, Farmer B. secured Dave in season. The first day in harvest, before noon, Mr. A. came where Mr. B. and Dave were at work, and asked the latter to help him next day. Dave readily assented. Soon after, Mr. C. came on the same errand, and Dave, with equal alacrity, promised him. Farmer B., a straight, thorough-going Presbyterian, was a little surprised at the promptitude with which Dave promised to work for so many on the same day, so he said: "Why, Dave, what do you mean? First you promised to help me to-morrow; and now you've promised to help two others—what do you mean?" "Oh," says Dave, "the fact is, *I like to see everybody go away feeling good. Treat 'em all alike; that's my way.*"

Woe Unto You.

An Arkansas preacher of the hard-shell persuasion announced that on the following Sabbath he would "preach agin Sunday-schools."

When the day arrived, he took for his text: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees."

"My brecthering," said he, "thar a'n't narry text in this yer Bible that warent guv to us for a rule, and a guide, and a consolation—ah. Now, my brecthering, when we want a hoss to stop when he is gettin' too *reachin'* we sing out ter that yer hoss, woe-ah. So the Bible, seein' ther Scribes and Pharisees strikin' out too reachin' a gait—*like these yer Sunday-school fellers*—says *to* them, woe-ah."

This finished the Sunday-school for that year.

The Quakeress's Ruse.

A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him.

The officer waited patiently some time, when the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband.

"Nay, friend," said she: "I promised that he would see thee. He hath seen thee. He did not like thy looks, therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

DANGERS OF COURTING FAT GIRLS.—I was in love once with a fat girl. She was very fleshy. She was enormous. But the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening. I was sentimental; I said many soft things. I embraced part of her. She seemed distant. She frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around, and there I found another fellow courting her on the left side. I was indignant, and upbraided her for her treachery in thus concealing from me another love. She laughed at my conceit, as if she were not big enough to have two lovers at once.—*Don Piatt.*

A NOTION seller was offering a Yankee clock, finely varnished and colored, with a looking-glass in the front, to a certain lady, not remarkable for her personal beauty. "Why, it is beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed, a look at it almost frightens me," said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better take one that ain't got no looking-glass."

GOOD ADVICE.—"I am the great American traveller," said Daniel Pratt, as he entered, uninvited, a certain newspaper office. "Well, travel," was the sententious and only response of the editor.

RATHER AWKWARD.

ELIGIBLE YOUNG BACHELOR (making call.)—"Well, Master Fred, you don't know who I am."

TOO CANDID YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Oh, but I *do* though! You're the chap ma says would be such a good catch for our Lizzie!" [*Tableau.*

TAKING HIM DOWN.—That was not a bad reply given recently at a barn-raising in Pennsylvania to a young man who had been relating his more than wonderful exploits in various quarters of the globe. At the close of one of these narratives he was not a little set back by the remark of an old codger: "Young man, ain't you ashamed to talk so *when there are older liars on the ground?*"

"Give Me a Pin, and I'll Show You a Show."

BY J. D. BRUNS.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"
My little boy shouts as he climbs my knee;
And he holds up his toy with childish joy:
"Peep through the hole and see what you'll see!"

He fancies I'm tranced with the wheeling stars
And the shifting crosses of green and gold:
But my heart looks out through the years that are gone,
And these are the pictures it sees unrolled:

A bright lad reading a pictured page
To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there—
"And when I am king you shall wear my ring,
And weave me a scarf of your waving hair!"

A bride half turned at her bridal door,
All her sweet face lit by the taper's glow
That one white hand holds, while the other enfolds
His neck, as she murmurs, "I love you so!"

A warrior armed for the morrow's field:
To his breast is clinging a weeping wife;
And she sobs, "If you fall, I will lose my all,
But, dearest, your honor is more than life."

A mother, hushing her restless babe,
Suddenly ceases the cradle-song,
And the wan lips cry, "If he come not, I die,
For my heart is faint with watching so long!"

Ah! never those lips will greet him again:
Cold, cold is that heart as the wintry sleet.
Though her lord spurs fast through the rising blast,
Too late! too late! Nevermore shall they meet.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"
My darling! henceforward, through life, to me,
The bravest shows that the wide world knows
Are not worth the weight of your childish fee.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Dressing of Wives.

A remark has recently been made *apropos* of a lawsuit, in which a wife's excessive love of dress was commented on, to the effect that "whilst extravagant wives are a very common phenomena, extravagant old maids are almost unheard of." Although many exceptions present themselves to this general observation, it must be admitted that there are some grounds for the assertion. As a rule, most married women are more open-handed than spinsters. They calculate less closely than their unmarried sisters the exact return a pecuniary outlay is likely to yield. But does it follow that pure love of pleasure and display are the cause of the more lavish expenditure? May it not be that most married women, in a position of life which enables them to contract expenses, have claims upon their income which, whether well founded or not, keep their purse-strings constantly loose? Granting that many foolish wives in an obscure path of life bedeck themselves in costly clothing for no earthly reason than for the sake of the self-satisfaction which wearing fine apparel imparts, an infinitely greater number of married women wear sumptuous clothing as the outward sign of their husband's social status. There is a Jewish maxim for success in life, which is tacitly observed by many a Gentile husband. It runs thus: "Dress youself below your means; dress your children according to your means; dress your wife above your means."

☞ Bus-driver—"They tell me there 've been some coins found in these 'ere exkyvations that 'a been buried there a matter 'o four or five 'undred year!"

Passenger Friend—"O, that's nothin'! Why, there's some in the Bri'sh Museum—ah—more than two thousand year old?"

'Bus-driver (*after a pause*) — "Come, George, that won't do, yer know! 'Cause we're only in eight'n 'undred and sixty-nine now."

Relic of John Wesley.

Relics, whether of great heroes or great criminals, of a Napoleon or a saint, have an extraordinary fascination for mankind, and still more for womankind. *Apropos* of which statement the London Court Journal tells the following: "A singular and somewhat grotesque instance of the common weakness was given at a meeting of our old friends the Dialecticians the other day by a gentleman who vouched for the facts. A highly respectable family had in its possession a table at which John Wesley dined once. They preserve it with religious care, and a spot upon which the great Methodist spilt some gravy has never once been touched with a cloth—to clean it would be looked upon as a sacrilege. A short time since some ladies—and they were not old ladies, it appears—were permitted to view this precious relic. They were all, of course, devout Wesleyans, and so great was their emotion on seeing it that they dropped on their knees and kissed it as devoutly as ever Mussulman kissed the Kaaba! What would Wesley himself have thought if he had been told that a table at which he had once dined, and which he had the misfortune to stain with gravy, would be preserved unwiped for a century, and then kissed in an ecstasy of pious admiration by educated young ladies on their knees?"

Dressing for the Lord of the Harem.

It is almost impossible to imagine the celerity with which their highnesses the princesses, the whole of the ladies of the harem, and the slaves, even down to the lowest scullery-girl, effect their transformation from slatterns to "Paris of the East," when the substitutes for the telegraphic wires—the eunuchs—announce the approach of Ismael Pacha. It seemed as if Harlequin touched all with his galvanic battery; for, in a twinkling of an eye, their dirty, soiled, crumpled muslins, their Monmouth-Street and Petticoat-Lane finery, were exchanged for gorgeous silks and glittering diamonds.

The transformation was not made, however, by a total change of garments, but by placing their attractive habiliments over their soiled toggery. Miss Lott had the pleasure of once witnessing this scene, on the occasion of the viceroy unexpectedly informing his wives and retainers that he intended to pay them a visit; for, according to Turkish etiquette, he was obliged to give them timely notice, lest his wives might have female acquaintances, whom he could not by any possibility meet, even in the protection of his own house.

☞ The question, "What became of Morgan?" is again coming up. Thurlow Weed is said to know all about it, and will explain in his forthcoming autobiography.

☞ The Princess Pierre Bonaparte has received numerous letters threatening death to herself and her children. In consequence of this she has found it necessary to leave her residence at Auteuil, and to take refuge with friends at Paris. A noble people, to visit the poor woman and her children with their revenge for the act of the Prince!

☞ It is said that Mr. Martin Tupper intends, during the approaching London season, to give a series of readings in Proverbial Philosophy. This will be rather a sensation, as amongst the thousands of admirers he can doubtless claim he is known but to few from photographs or a face-to-face interview.

☞ I remember in my youth attending a Quaker meeting. The congregation sat in perfect stillness for an hour and a half, and then a small old man arose, slowly laid aside his hat, worn until then, and stood up in an obscure part of the house, and said, in a low voice, but clear enough to be heard throughout the quiet assembly—"I have but a poor opinion of any religion that does not make the individual better." No other word was spoken. None other seemed needed. This short testimony laid hold of the spirit matter, and stood a witness for the truth.—*Correspondent of "The Index."*

☞ Somebody wants to know whether a windlass can be considered an airy nymph?

☞ LOGIC.—Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that if you cut off your left hand, your right hand becomes your left hand.

☞ "Mamma," said a little French girl, "do cats have souls?" "Why, darling?" "Because I should like to have my cat's soul always in heaven with mine." And then, after a moment's reflection, "Why, of course, all the cat's souls must be in heaven to catch the rats' souls."

Scarlet Fever.

There are two simple methods of rendering patients less liable to dropsy after scarlet-fever. The first is by rubbing them over frequently with fatty substances, as lard or oil, and thus forming a coating which supplies in part the loss of the scarf-skin. The second is, frequent warm baths during convalescence; they are very grateful, and tend to prevent internal congestions, while they increase the action of the skin. As in the bath, the old skin separates, and as this is charged with the poison of scarlet-fever, great care should be taken to remove the refuse water beyond the reach of exposure, or disinfect it.

No case of scarlet-fever, however simple, should be unattended by a competent physician.

☞ "Strawberry time is upon us," says a New Orleans paper, and then it describes a berry five inches in circumference, just ripened in the open air.

AGRICULTURAL.

Shoes for Striking or Cutting.

A great number of horses are in the habit of striking one leg against the other, and a great deal of ingenuity has been at different times exercised in search of a remedy for this very troublesome practice. Both the fore and hind legs are subject to cutting, the latter perhaps most frequently; but in them it is confined to the fetlock joint, whereas, in the fore legs, the horse may hit either the fetlock, the leg, just above the pasterns, or just under the knee, where it is called a speedy cut, from its occurring chiefly in fast action.

It is advisable before applying a remedy, to ascertain, if possible, the cause and the part which strikes, whether the shoe or the foot, and if the latter, what part of it. Many horses strike from a weakness, and cease to do so when they gain strength and condition. This is more particularly observable with young horses. Others cut from a faulty conformation of the limbs, which are sometimes too close to each other; and sometimes the toe is turned too much out, or too much in; when the toe is turned in the horse usually cuts just under the knee.

The object to be kept in view in shoeing such horses, must be to remedy, as much as we can, the faulty action, and to remove if possible the part which cuts. The part of the foot which strikes is generally that between the toe and the inside quarter, sometimes the inside quarter itself, but very rarely the heels of the shoe. If the horse turns his toe in, in all probability he wears the inside of the shoe most; and, if so, it should be made much thicker. The shoe should be bevelled off on the inside quarter, which should also be free from nails.

In the hind legs we often find that a three-quarter shoe will prevent cutting when other plans fail; for here the part which cuts is not situated so far forward as in the fore legs, so that the removal of the iron altogether from the inside quarter will often accomplish our aim. It sometimes happens that every plan we can adopt will not prevent cutting, and then the only resource is the adoption of boots.—*Prairie Farmer.*

The Cabbage.

An English writer says: "The cultivation of the cabbage is greatly extending. It comes into use when other things begin to fail, and it is by far the best succulent vegetable for milking cows—keeping up the yield of milk, and preserving better than any other food some portion of the quality which cheese loses when the cows quit their natural pasturage. Cows fed on cabbages are always quiet and satisfied, while on turnips they often scour, and are restless. Cabbages are given whole on the pastures, and later in the season are either pulped or placed in the trough whole. When frosted, they are liable to produce hoven unless kept in a warm shed to thaw before being used; fifty-six pounds given, at two meals, are as much as a large cow should have in a day. Frequent cases of abortion are caused by an over supply of green food. Cabbages are excellent for young animals, keeping them in health, and preventing 'black-leg.' A calf of seven months may have twenty pounds a day."

SOFT EGGS.—An English writer says that soft eggs are generally caused by overfeeding the hens, and the remedy is then self-evident. It may, however, occur from want of lime, which must of course be supplied, the best form being calcined and pounded oyster shells. Occasionally it is occasioned by fright, from being driven about, but in that case will right itself in a day or two. If *perfect* eggs are habitually dropped on the ground, the proprietor should see whether the nests do not need purifying.

BUCKWHEAT BRAN, when fed to cows, will produce a large quantity of milk, but the milk will be as thin as water, and of a blueish color. Meal of peas, wheat, and corn, will make the richest milk, and of a yellow color. Meal of peas and wheat bran will make excellent feed.

FRUIT.—It is said that fruit-trees planted in timber land will come into bearing sooner than those planted on prairie land, but the last will continue fruitful much longer than the former.

RECEIPTS.

HAM TOAST.—Chop some lean ham fine, put it in a pan, with a little pepper, a lump of butter, and two eggs beaten; when well warmed, spread it on hot buttered toast, and serve.

SAVORY OMELET.—Make batter as for a pancake, chop a little parsley and green onions, and pepper and salt, stir in, and fry in plenty of lard. It may be served either dry or with gravy.

GEMS.—They are cheap, easily made, wholesome and palatable. Graham flour and water are stirred together to the consistency of a thick pancake batter, and baked in the iron or tin gem-pans. Everybody should have these bread-pans. Gems, whether of Graham meal, fine flour or corn meal, should be put into a *hot* oven. Success depends on this. Fine flour and sweet milk (skimmed milk is good enough) well beaten together, rather thicker than the Graham batter, makes a very sweet and good kind of warm bread. Corn bread of the best kind can be made without eggs or shortening, or sweetening. Simply scald the meal with boiling water, add a little salt, stir well and bake quickly in the gem-pans.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 74 letters.
My 8, 60, 23, 19, 8, 34, 28, was a founder of a religion.
My 58, 15, 72, 8, 30, 42, 29, 4, 47, 74, is the name of a modern poet.
My 5, 68, 55, 2, 41, 31, 16, 63, was a philosopher.
My 22, 3, 67, 11, 38, 39, 1, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 8, 35, 12, 36, 10, 61, 73, 56, 18, 40, 9, 57, was a reformer.
My 22, 63, 27, 56, 14, 21, was a king of England.
My 70, 7, 44, 49, 26, 46, 45, 66, 52, 24, 9, is the name of a well-known author.
My 8, 53, 17, 58, 10, 50, 54, 13, 6, 20, 56, 33, 21, 69, was a President of the United States.
My 58, 59, 43, 64, 41, 25, was one of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece."
My 37, 43, 51, 32, 66, 5, 67, 55, 20, 10, 59, is a flower.
My 48, 9, 62, 56, 65, 49, 58, 25, is the name of a well-known mountain.
My 71, 66, 31, 4, 13, is a town in Italy.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

LAURA.

Charade.

I am composed of 4 syllables.
My *first* is a boy's name.
My *second* is a vessel much used.
My *third* is a Roman Catholic service.
My *fourth* is a preposition.
My whole is a city.

PHILIP.

Probability Problem.

A ball is fired at random from a gun which is equally likely to be presented in any direction in space above the horizon. What is the probability that it will reach more than 5-9 of its greatest range?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A steamboat having on board 150 barrels of sugar, pays for toll the value of two barrels, wanting $6. And another, containing 240 barrels, pays at the same rate, the value of two barrels and $18 besides. What is the value of the sugar per barrel?

FELIX.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ A vender of quack medicines perpetrates the following atrocious conundrum: In what does Queen Victoria take her pills? Ans.—In cider—(in side her.)

☞ Which is the laziest fish in the sea? Ans.—The oyster—because he is always found in his bed.

☞ Why is a bottle of brandy like a haunted house? Ans.—It contains spirits.

☞ Why is a new Paris bonnet like a whipping? Ans.—It makes one smart.

☞ When may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up? Ans.—When he takes a roll in bed.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." ENIGMA—Constantinople.

Answer to J. B. Sander's PROBLEM of Dec. 4th—17 1-22 miles.—O. R. Sheldon, J. S. Phebus, L. J. Harris, Philip Gossman, Mollie Haines.

ORANGE JAM.—The following is an excellent recipe for preserving sweet oranges with rhubarb or apples:—Put the oranges whole into cold water, boil them until the skins are tender, take them out, throw them into cold water, and leave them till the next day; weigh them, then cut them in quarters, take out the pips, and add two-thirds the weight in rhubarb or apples (the latter must be pared and cut into quarters.) Melt an equal weight of sugar in a little water, add the fruit, and boil on a quick fire until the syrup is tolerably thick.

BLANC MANGE.—To one quart of milk add one ounce of Cox's Gelatin, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a half teaspoonful each of Extract of Almond, Cinnamon, Lemon and Nutmeg, Orange Flower, or a dessert spoonful of Nectarine, simmer over a slow fire, stirring till the gelatin is entirely dissolved, pass it through a napkin, stir till it begins to thicken, and pour into a mould, previously dipped in cold water; then set in a cool place to harden. Serve with cream or a soft custard, flavored with Extract of Vanilla.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat up ten eggs with one pound of sugar in a bowl, with an egg-beater, till it becomes very stiff, then shake in lightly a half-pound of flour, stirring only just enough to mix it well, and flavor with one teaspoonful of Extract of Almond, or Orange Flower. Pour into pans, previously buttered or lined with buttered paper, and not more than one and a half inches in depth in each pan, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. If too hot, cover with paper to prevent scorching. Try with a splinter or straw; if no dough adheres to it the cake is done.—*A. W. Harrison.*

☞ The woman question—"Where did you buy your back hair?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ Nineteen babies a week are left in the basket of the New York Foundling Hospital.